

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXLII.

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FROM BEGINNING
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VASSILY VERESTSCHAGIN: WAR-PAINTER.

On the morning of April 12th, the Russian flagship, *Petropavlovsk*, struck a mine at the entrance to the harbor of Port Arthur, and foundered in sight of her companion vessels in less than two minutes after the first explosion was heard. With the ill-fated battleship perished not only the intrepid Makaroff, Admiral of the Russian Fleet, but one of the most remarkable figures in the whole world of art, the greatest of war-painters, Vassily Vassilievich Verestschagin.

Those who take up the sword shall perish by it; therefore, the death of the soldier or sailor in action, however tragic the circumstances, seems in accordance with the accepted order of things. But there is something peculiarly—almost ironically—calamitous in the fact that this man; who was one of the most zealous evangelists of peace, should fall a victim to the latest refinements of modern warfare. His fate evokes the resentful and pathetic regret we feel for a doctor who succumbs to the very malady against which he is contending. Verestschagin was indeed like the surgeon who handles with consummate skill the

morbid growth he loathes and desires to exterminate. Trained in habits of war, yet without a soldier's ardor or ambition, he was always prepared to lay down his life for his convictions, as will be seen from the following particulars of his career. Verestschagin was born on October 26th, 1842, at Lioubets, in the Government of Novgorod, where his father owned large estates. From his mother's side, the artist inherited Tartar blood, his great-grandmother, a very beautiful woman, having been a native of the Caucasus. While still in the nursery he showed a passion for drawing, and his little sketches were the admiration of his parents and relatives, but the former would have considered it quite beneath the dignity of their position as landowners to bring up their son as an artist. Following the traditions of so many Novgorodian families they sent him to the school for Naval Cadets in St. Petersburg. Here Verestschagin remained until 1860, when he passed out at the head of the list. During part of this time he had attended a school of art and made considerable progress in drawing. On

leaving the Naval College he declared his determination to devote himself exclusively to art. Naturally, he met with some opposition from his parents, who hoped that shortness of means might bring him to reason. Verestschagin, however, entered the Academy of Arts, where he stayed about two years, and won a silver medal for an oil painting, "Ulysses slaying the Lovers of Penelope."

At that time the young generation was beginning to be agitated by the progressive ideas which were finding their way into Russian literature and journalism. Protest against classicism in art was already in the air, and then, as throughout his career, the liberal spirit appealed to Verestschagin's temperament. We hear of his reading many Western books on political and social questions, including Buckle's "History of Civilization in England," and being regarded as a dangerous radical in consequence. His was not the nature to endure for long the fetters of academic tradition, and in 1863, although his technical equipment was far from complete, he started for a prolonged journey in the Caucasus.

Verestschagin first visited Tiflis, where, in order to maintain himself, he accepted a situation as drawing master to the family of General Kartsiev, military governor of the district. He was also obliged to teach in schools and private families. "It would be difficult to describe how hard I worked, and how I made use of every spare moment to fill my sketch-books," he said in later years. "Only my youth and complete independence prevented my being entirely crushed by the number of lessons I gave." He succeeded in making a prodigious quantity of sketches from life and nature, many of which were afterwards reproduced in a French publication "*Le Tour du Monde*," with letterpress by Verestschagin himself.

In 1864 his father relented, and sent him the means to visit Paris, where he went direct to the studio of the celebrated painter Gérôme. "Who sent you to me?" inquired the Master. "No one; I came simply because I admire your work," replied Verestschagin. Gérôme was impressed by the young man's outdoor sketches, and accepted him as a pupil. At the same time, Verestschagin entered the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, where he worked under Bida, who was then engaged upon his famous illustrations for the Gospels. In the summer of 1865, Verestschagin again visited the Caucasus, and on his return, both Gérôme and Bida were astonished at the contents of his sketch-books. The latter urged him strongly to have recourse to color, since as a draughtsman his workmanship was now almost perfect. "None of us can draw as you do," he is reported to have said; and it is certain he did not disdain to borrow several Oriental types from the sketches of his pupil. At this time Verestschagin seems to have experienced a kind of timidity as regards color, or an ascetic renunciation of its beauties. He worked continually in pencil, and even his largest studies, such as "Dukhoborts! at Prayer," and "A Procession of Religious Fanatics in Shousha," were exclusively carried out in this medium. His drawing, somewhat hard and literal, was extraordinarily accurate in detail, and showed a penetrating observation that foreshadowed the great realist to come.

Verestschagin avoided the social attractions of Paris life. He led an austere, industrious existence, often working as much as sixteen hours a day. Seeing how intensely Russian he was by nature, and that his was the art which develops best by independent and unrelenting outdoor work, it is difficult to understand why Paris exercised so great an attraction for

him. Both Gérôme and Bida were free from exaggerated idealism; both saw life from a realistic standpoint, and both felt and expressed the beauty and fascination of the East. In these respects Verestschagin found himself in sympathy with his masters. But essentially they differed widely. Neither of the French artists shared the Russian's peculiarly democratic attitude towards life and art; neither of them made it their chief aim to express the patient half-unconscious suffering of the masses.

It was not merely sureness of vision and the practised hand which Verestschagin acquired during these years of apprenticeship to the pencil. His sketch-books, with their innumerable studies of old people, children, priests, soldiers, and peasants, were the true education of his perception and intelligence. In the sketches which appeared in "*Le Tour du Monde*," we can see how he strove to pierce the surface of human nature, to reproduce not only the ethnographical but the individual characteristics of every creature he drew. From the first he was not attracted to conventional or merely graceful subjects. Little scenes, trifling interests, sentimental inventions, lay outside his temperament. Although he reached the masses through the study of the individual, he has painted few solitary figures. He generally preferred a crowded canvas, being, as his friend and biographer, M. Stassov, has said, "far greater in chorus than in solo."

The artist was now ripe for some great independent achievement, and his opportunity was at hand. In 1867 he obtained permission to join the military expedition to Central Asia as a volunteer on the Staff of the Commander, General Kauffmann. He accompanied the force from Orenburg to Tashkent; a journey which he described as "worse than the galleys,"

but gladly endured for the sake of the novel experiences it afforded him. Later on he took an active part in the defence of Samarkand. After the first occupation of the ancient city of Tamerlane, the Russian General, with ill-placed confidence in the peaceful assurances of the Asiatic tribes, withdrew most of his men for other purposes, leaving only a small number to garrison the town. When, a few days later, a horde of Uzbeks surrounded the city and attempted to capture it, Verestschagin played a hero's part in the defence of the citadel. Hardly ever absent from the walls, he animated the handful of Russian soldiers by his cool courage, and fought side by side with them at critical moments. When the dead bodies of the enemy, which lay in the tropical sunshine at the foot of the citadel, threatened to breed a pestilence, and the men would not venture into the open to remove them, it was Verestschagin who undertook the revolting and dangerous task. On his return to Russia his services were rewarded by the distinguished Order of St. George.

In 1868 the artist took part in organizing the Turkestan Exhibition in St. Petersburg. One room was set apart for his pictures, and at his express desire the public was admitted free of charge. These early paintings created a considerable sensation, partly because the campaign in Central Asia was the topic of the hour, but also because Verestschagin's plain and unadorned representations of war as he had seen it were totally different to what the public had been accustomed to gaze upon in The Hermitage and other galleries. What had the realism of Verestschagin in common with those vast canvases in which the triumphs of Russian arms were depicted in a conventional and decorative style by Court painters, who had never seen a field of battle? Among the exhibits

on this occasion were the famous pictures, "Before the Attack," and "After the Attack." On their first visit to the exhibition the Emperor Alexander II. and his wife stood long in contemplation before these works. It was the first time they had come face to face with the pitiless actualities of this "game of kings," shorn of all its glamor and officialism. On the closing of the exhibition, General Heinz, the owner of these pictures, presented them to the Emperor, who kept them ever after in his private apartment.

Verestschagin's hatred of war and his determination to show it in its worst aspect—which happens to be also its truest—proceeds from something deeper than the ordinary humanitarian tendency which has become more common in these days. His innate sympathy for the suffering masses may also have had something to do with his attitude towards war; but its true origin lay deeper still—in his nationality itself. The absence of military ardor in the Russian people as a whole must have struck any one well acquainted with their art and literature. It does not lie in their temperament as it lies in the Gallic, the Anglo-Saxon, or Teutonic character. The Russians have no genuine war-songs, old or new. Their Court-poets have celebrated Russian victories in odes as bombastic and artificial as the battle-pieces of the Court painters in the Hermitage and the Imperial Palaces. Poushkin, in his celebrated poem "Poltava," produced something like a stirring military epic. But even he avoided contemporary history, and gave his poem the subdued coloring and glamor that goes with "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago." If we glance at the treatment of war in the novels of Tolstoi and other writers, few in number, who have dealt with the subject in fiction, we shall not find it surrounded by any halo of romance. We shall

search in vain for a parallel to such a poem as Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." The spirit of "Jingoism" is commendably absent from Russian poetry, which has never produced a Campbell, a Dibdin, a Körner, or a Béranger, and will never, we venture to assert, produce a Rudyard Kipling. The folk-literature shows the same lack, not of courage, but of military enthusiasm. Even in the songs of the Cossacks, the most war-like races of Russia, it is the parting from sweetheart or wife, the chances of death on the field, the anticipation of wounds and suffering, that are dwelt upon, rather than the triumphant return of the warrior or the joy and exultation of slaughter. The Russian fights with dogged courage, and dies with fatalistic resignation; but he goes to his fate open-eyed, seeing the literal truth of warfare, and incapable of intoxicating himself with visions of glory and ambition. It is the cross upon the lonely field, not the marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack, that the Russian soldier keeps before him as he marches to the front. This unromantic and literal view of war finds its most striking expression in Verestschagin's pictures. Probably only a Russian could have seen and represented it with such austere truthfulness, without the least temptation to borrow from the imagination a few splendid trappings wherewith to conceal its hideous nakedness.

In 1869 Verestschagin returned to the East, and crossed the Kirghiz Steppes to the very borders of China, incurring many risks on the journey. He returned to Europe in 1871, and settled in Munich, where he remained three years, engaged upon a series of important pictures. During this period his painting underwent a curious revolution in one particular. For a long time Verestschagin entirely eschewed pigment in any form, and his first

pictures of the Turkestan campaign were dry and sombre. Now he developed suddenly into a brilliant colorist. It was as though he had cast off a neutral-tinted domino and revealed himself in a dress of vivid and varied hues. At the same time he let the sunlight into his landscapes and drew altogether closer to life and nature. He had penetrated into the very soul of the East, and now, one by one, he struck all the dominant notes of Oriental life in such works as "The Opium-Eaters," "The Dervishes," "The Beggar of Samarkand," "At the Door of Tamerlane," and many other pictures which made up a great series under the general title of "Poèmes Barbares."

In 1873 some of his pictures were shown at the Crystal Palace. They attracted a great deal of attention, although criticism was not altogether favorable. Popular art in England was the reverse of realistic at that moment. In 1874 he opened an exhibition in Petersburg; the first exhibition in Russia which can be described as popular in the fullest sense of the word. The public flocked to it in such numbers that the police had to let in small groups at a time, the rest waiting patiently in the passages, and even in the street, a scene never before witnessed in the Russian capital.

Among the pictures which created the greatest sensation were those painted, or at least sketched, during the Turkestan campaign: the terrible and ironical "Apotheosis of War," dedicated "To all great Conquerors, past, present, and to come;" a pyramid of human skulls, on which is perched a flock of carrion-crows. The poignant tragedy, "Left Behind," depicts a wounded soldier lying helpless on the edge of the desert, forgotten by his comrades, who have marched away beyond the distant stream. The sun is setting behind the hills in the back-

ground, and already the birds of prey are hovering over their victim. The peaceful beauty of the landscape accentuates the horror which is of man's making. It was impossible to look at this picture without being overwhelmed with pity and indignation that these things should be. Another remarkable picture belonging to this period was "The Presentation of the Trophies." The scene is laid in the Palace of Samarkand, of which the architectural details are reproduced with great exactitude. In a gallery near the throne-room the Emir stands contemplating a pile of human heads, which have been tossed on the ground as carelessly as a heap of melons. The prince is in the act of turning over one head with his foot in order to scan its features at his ease. Around him wait a group of courtiers in gorgeous attire, with impassive Oriental faces.

The exhibition had not been open many days before a few influential officers entered a protest against certain pictures which, they declared, represented the Russian Army in an unfavorable light. Verestschagin was a man of such strength of character that in an ordinary way he would have held out against these trivial attacks. Coming at a time, however, when he was overworked, in a fit of nervous irritability he destroyed three of the offending pictures, among them the famous "Left Behind. The composer Moussorgsky embodied his impressions of this picture in one of his most realistic and touching songs.

Speaking of Verestschagin's position at this period of his career Stassov says: "All he painted in 1872 and part of 1873 attained the highest level of technique; but as regards sentiment, dramatic force, and purpose, the work of 1871 still remained unsurpassed."

Always thirsting for new adventures, Verestschagin quitted St. Petersburg before his exhibition was closed, in-

tending to travel across Asia to Japan. He ended, however, by remaining in India. Hardly had he left Russia before he was offered a professorship at the Academy of Arts, which he refused on the grounds that he considered "all official positions and distinctions absolutely inimical to the interests of art." But although he was indifferent to such honors, he was by no means indifferent to the ultimate fate of his works. It was never Verestschagin's aim to paint isolated pictures. His mind and temperament were too complex to be expressed in anything less than a series of works. Between the pictures of his various periods there is always a close connection, therefore it was highly important for the true significance of his works that they should be kept together and seen in juxtaposition. The collection of 1874 was purchased by the Russian Mæcenas, M. Tretiakov, and presented by him, with many other national pictures, to the City of Moscow. Out of the sum received for these works, the artist gave 5,000 roubles to found an elementary school in the district of Novgorod. After the sale of his Indian pictures in 1880, he devoted a large sum to the establishment of an art school.

From India he corresponded frequently with his friend Vladimir Stassov, director of the Fine Arts Department of the Imperial Public Library, St. Petersburg. Verestschagin's thirst for new experiences often led him into dangerous situations. Thus he writes to Stassov in February, 1875:—"I am in the heart of the Himalayas, in the little kingdom of the Sikhs. I have already bent my steps to the Residence, and exchanged with the monarch some very eloquent letters and more modest gifts. Just now I am occupying a Buddhist monastery. Before that my wife and I were nearly frozen to death at a height of 15,000 ft. The snow through which we passed a

few days ago in ascending Mount Kanchin (28,000 ft.) alarmed our fellow travellers, who declined to go on with us. The snow prevented our getting any food; it extinguished our fires, and if my guide had not persuaded some of the people to bring us up a box containing a few necessaries of life, things might have gone badly with us. It is remarkable that I lost my strength, and showed it, sooner than my dear companion, who is but a frail little woman. But afterwards, when the strain was over, she collapsed. After a few days at this altitude my face swelled enormously, and I suffered with a strange pressure at the top of my head. For two days I was nearly dying, and I had to descend before completing all the sketches I had planned. I shall make a fresh attempt at a different time of the year, and from another locality . . . they were so magnificent, those lofty peaks covered with ice and snow! When I leave the hills, I will send you from Agra some fifty or more sketches. Many of them are rough, but some are highly finished, and each one of them, I trust, is worth at least a Petersburg professor! What I hope to do with the help of these studies will have, I believe, not only an Anglo-Indian but a universal interest. They are not merely 'studies' and 'effects,' but the very essence of my pictures. However, don't count your chickens before they are hatched!" Some of his most interesting letters at this time relate to his observation of Indian architecture and music, in which he traced so many points of resemblance to the ornament and folk-tunes of old Russia.

In March, 1876, he returned to Europe on account of his health, and built himself a modest villa with two large studios, at Maisons-Lafitte, near Paris. "My impressions," he wrote to Stassov, "are beginning to crystallize into two series of pictures—two poems. One

short series, 'A Poem in brief,' as I call it; the other extending perhaps to twenty or thirty pictures. I have a large canvas in hand, 'The Snows of the Himalayas,' the first number of my 'Poem in brief.' . . . All my pictures are already before me as though they actually lived." Many of the "Indian Poems" were finished at Maisons-Lafitte, among them "The English Envoys Presenting Themselves to the Great Mogul in His Palace at Agra," "The Procession of English and Native Grandees at Jeypore, during the Visit of the Prince of Wales in 1875," and other pictures dealing with Anglo-Indian history. Stassov considers these the least satisfactory of all the artist's works. "Verestschagin," he says, "never showed any capacity for penetrating the past and re-incarnating historical events or the sentiments of people who lived in days and countries remote from his own. He excelled as a painter of contemporary life. What he saw with his own eyes he could reproduce with extraordinary actuality. What stirred his emotions—the visible tragedies of daily existence—awoke also the fullest measure of his power and genius."

While he was still busy with these gorgeous scenes from Oriental life, rumors of war were in the air. On the outbreak of the Turko-Bulgarian War, Verestschagin abandoned all he had in hand, and hastened to the seat of hostilities. "I have left my work," he wrote to Stassov, "not in order to see or reproduce any particular episode in the campaign, but to be near to this savage and revolting business of extermination; to see and to study these people, and to feel with them. I am prepared for death, for I fully intend to keep with the troops, to go through the whole business. I will face bayonets with the infantry, charge with the Cossacks, and join the sailors on the torpedo-boats when they go into action.

Never shall it be said that Skrydlov went through the campaign on his gunboat, and I was too lazy to take part in it. Fine victuals make fat dogs!"

Early in the war, while on board the gunboat *Shutka*, commanded by his friend, Lieutenant, now Admiral, Skrydlov, Verestschagin was wounded. It was one of the most daring episodes of the war, when Skrydlov, in broad daylight, attacked a powerful armored cruiser in the Danube, and came off with flying colors. The artist, struck by a chance bullet, was left in hospital at Bukharest, but recovered in time to be present at the storming of Plevna at the end of August. On this occasion he had the misfortune to lose his brother Sergius, also a painter of great promise. After Plevna, Verestschagin moved on to the Balkans with the vanguard of the army under General Gourko. He corresponded frequently with his friend, Stassov, and describes with touching pathos the awful sights he witnessed during the campaign: the frequent mutilation of dead and dying Russians by the Turks, the winter hardships patiently endured, the episodes which, reproduced in his pictures and sketches, afterwards filled all Europe with compassion and horror.

He returned to Paris in 1878, and in a year and a half completed nearly twenty pictures of the Bulgarian campaign, thus outdoing all his previous feats of rapid workmanship. "These pictures, the fruit of his maturity," says Stassov, "seem to be painted with his heart's blood, and his very nerve-fibre." The freezing sentinel depicted in the triptych, "All Quiet in the Shipka Pass," "The Graves at Shipka," and "Blessing the Dead," are unsurpassable for poignant emotion and relentless realism. The tragic significance of his pictures in Turkestan, the splendor of his Indian scenes, pale before the force and fire which animate these representations of the war in

Bulgaria. In 1881-1882 he exhibited these works all over Europe, and this was the period of his greatest and most sensational renown.

From the close of the Russo-Turkish campaign until the declaration of the present war with Japan—a period of about twenty-six years—Verestschagin saw no more active service. He still travelled, however, especially in Palestine and Syria, and a series of pictures, mostly dealing with Biblical subjects, was the outcome of these journeys.

Deprived of contemporary incidents from which to draw material for his chief study, Verestschagin now turned his attention to that epic period in national history, Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812. Tolstoi had already made use of this dramatic chapter in Russian history in his colossal novel, "Peace and War." Verestschagin treated it from an equally original and realistic point of view. He began by collecting all manner of new documentary evidence, and made a comprehensive study of the chief figure in the drama, carefully "excluding all inclination towards the legendary." Externally, Verestschagin represents Napoleon quite differently to any of his predecessors. The conventional gray overcoat and cocked hat in which he could not possibly have survived a Russian winter, are replaced by a long sable mantle and a cap with ear lap-pets.

The series of fifteen pictures entitled "Napoleon in Russia," was exhibited at the Grafton Galleries in London in 1898. The pictures were received with interest, but they did not carry the same conviction as those of Verestschagin's earlier periods. The same criticism seems to apply to them which Stassov delivered upon the "Indian Poems;" that in spite of his care, thoughtfulness and attention to archaeological detail, Verestschagin

was not at ease in the past precisely because he had no imagination.

The "1812" series possesses a purely literary value, but for the most part these pictures leave us cold, and make no powerful emotional appeal, such as compels our sympathy in his first-hand experiences of the Turkestan and Bulgarian campaigns. Some falling off in his customary perfection of technique was also observable, as though the artist was at last wearing out his colossal energy and power of taking pains. With this series and some important studies—mostly of mountain scenery—in South Russia, Verestschagin's great work as an artist may be said to have terminated. What the stimulus of the Russo-Japanese War might have urged him to accomplish it is impossible to divine; but at sixty-two it is reasonable to suppose that he had probably given out the best that was in him. He himself must have felt a pang of disappointment that his life-work had failed of its object.

Comparing Verestschagin with other military painters of the nineteenth century, Charlet, Raffet, de Neuville, or Horace Vernet, we are struck by the justness of the Russian's outlook, and by the absence of all false patriotism. He holds no brief for any army, but raises his voice in protest against inhumanity and cold-blooded cruelty wherever he sees it. In his genius lies something often lacking in great artists: a profound sympathy with the needs and questions of his own day. He resembles his compatriot Tolstoi in that he accepts no traditions of art, no social conventions, no respect of nationality; and the profound contemporary feeling displayed in his pictures finds its counterpart in the works of the great novelist. "Verestschagin's pictures," said the painter Kramskoi, "are a more valuable possession to Russia than any territorial acquisitions."

Rosa Newmarch.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT.

In France, as in England, the series of Conventions signed on April 8 last by the two Governments has received general approval. The visits of King Edward to Paris and Monsieur Loubet to London created a favorable atmosphere, and prepared public opinion to give a cordial welcome to any arrangement bearing witness to the good relations existing between the two peoples. In France it was perhaps rather the outward and visible sign of an understanding than the actual terms and details of the understanding itself which was most approved. Only those who are specially interested in foreign and colonial affairs went so far as to study the text of the documents; the general public did not follow their example. A closer acquaintance with the new Agreement has almost invariably led to the conclusion that Frenchmen could not declare themselves altogether satisfied with what they had obtained. I have been told that English experts on this question are of the opposite opinion, and that they maintain that a careful comparison of the concessions made and the benefits received shows that France has had the best of the bargain. It is probable that every agreement voluntarily entered into by two countries, where both of the contracting parties have had to give way on many points, has been followed by similar regrets and reservations. We naturally attach more importance to the sacrifices which we make to others than to those which others make to us.

I.

What is called the Anglo-French Agreement comprises three distinct instruments, which have nothing in

common except the day of their signature.

The first of these instruments alone has the form of a regular Convention requiring the formal approval of Parliament, in France at any rate. Each of the two others comprises mutual declarations on the part of the Governments of France and Great Britain, which constitute solemn and binding engagements. The object of the convention is to put an end once for all to the difficulties which have arisen from time to time, in connection with the ancient privileges of the French fishermen of Newfoundland. The disputes and misunderstandings which occurred continually in the course of the last century were due to no provocation on the part of the French Government. The English, on their part, desired nothing better than duly to observe privileges which through their long standing and for a hundred other reasons were rendered worthy of respect. But there were other factors in the problem; the Colonial population and the local Parliament were more troublesome to the Home Government than 200,000,000 of men in India. To satisfy their demands Congresses were summoned and Arbitration Conferences were held before the days of the Hague. Learned discussions arose upon the question whether the lobster was a fish. Queen Anne and Louis XIV. had forgotten to settle this question when arranging the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht. In virtue of the Convention of April 8, 1904, France renounces her privileges in Newfoundland. These privileges, if I am not mistaken, were the last remnant of the Treaty of Utrecht, which laid down the law for Europe during three-quarters of a century, and for the

fishermen of the French shore during 200 years. The Chancelleries of Europe will miss it sadly, and so will the French fishermen. They cannot see that the strips of territory ceded to us by Great Britain in Africa offer them an adequate compensation. They demand that at least the Treaty shall formally recognize their right to procure bait, without which the right of fishing is an empty word. It is probable that such claims will be recognized, if only to avoid the possibility of two more centuries of wrangling and disputes in Newfoundland. Be that as it may, whether it be revised or not, the Convention of April 8, 1904, will not revolutionize the world, and will not eclipse in history the defunct Treaty of 1713.

It is not this Convention which can lend any great significance to the Anglo-French Agreement, and still less is it the arrangement which relates to Siam, to Madagascar, and to the New Hebrides. So far as Siam is concerned it might be thought at first sight that the declaration of the French and British Governments says nothing new. It simply confirms the Convention of January 15, 1896, signed by Lord Salisbury and Monsieur de Courcel. But when diplomacy speaks, even if at times she says nothing, she at least means to say something. In the present case that something appears to be a new limitation to the disadvantage of France. Was there not, perhaps, a wish to exclude the possible activity of France from points where it might have been exerted to her advantage in a conflict with Siam? In that case we may probably congratulate ourselves that the language of the document is not more explicit. In Madagascar we had exercised our incontestable right of sovereignty, won by conquest and annexation, by including the Island in the French Customs Union. The British Government pro-

tested. It has now abandoned its claims in this matter in order to promote an understanding with regard to jurisdiction and postal service in Zanzibar. The Government of the Republic has taken note of this; and we, for our part, have done likewise, without any emotion, on either side of the Channel. We read with equal composure in the third protocol of the third arrangement that the two Governments will some day do something in the New Hebrides. What that something may be is at present unknown; but for the sake of precaution it is declared in advance that there will be no interference with the political *status quo*. We might, perhaps, have expected that a careful study of the possibilities of the case would have led to some agreement with regard to the solution of the problem. But it was necessary to give the arrangement an appearance of some solidity, and if everything superfluous were to be omitted from diplomatic documents they would certainly look far too unsubstantial.

The fact is that in the new Anglo-French understanding there is only one part which is of real interest—it is what we may call the parallel agreement which applies at one and the same time to Egypt and to Morocco. To forestall any misapprehension let us hasten to state that France has not given Egypt to England, nor has England given Morocco to France. Egypt is no longer a French possession, and Morocco does not belong to England; better founded proprietary rights are necessary for the making of presents. But we waive our right to oppose England in her present action in Egypt, and England, on her part, will raise no difficulties with regard to our future action in Morocco. The influence of France has been so deeply impressed upon the land of the Pharaohs that her rights there are admitted by all, and

that the justice of her claims cannot be disputed. She has expended in Egypt her science, her blood, and her treasure. More than any one else she has contributed to recall to life the past of ancient Egypt. The Suez Canal is her work. She is the first creditor of the Egyptian Government. One hour of forgetfulness twenty years ago cannot efface the efforts of a century. Great Britain, the actual mistress of Egypt, which is in her military occupation, finds herself face to face with the claims of France in that country. In the name of formal and repeated engagements France demanded the evacuation of Egyptian territory. By invoking her own indefeasible rights she prevented Great Britain from making free use of the wealth of Egypt.

In virtue of the new arrangement France renounces this policy, and, in the language of the Agreement, will no longer oppose the action of England in this country. On the other hand the British Government recognizes the exceptional position of France in Morocco, and undertakes not to interfere with her action there. Great Britain gives us a free hand in Morocco, as we give her a free hand in Egypt. That is the root of the matter, cleared from all the refinements and reservations of diplomacy. Which of the two contracting parties has gained most by this arrangement? Much might be said on both sides of this question, for the balance in which political concessions are weighed is not sufficiently accurate or delicate. If we admit that France receives more than she concedes, it may be pointed out on the other hand that she has given a draft payable at sight, and has received one which cannot be cashed until it matures, which it will do in the near future I allow, but at a date which is not yet certain. The future alone can decide the question of profit and loss. The

chorus of approval with which the settlement has been greeted by English politicians at any rate shows the importance which is attached in London to the concessions obtained from France in regard to Egypt.

II.

The conclusion of a Convention, the signature of documents, and the announcement of mutual engagements is no new departure in the history of the relations between England and France. During the last twenty years the archives of the two countries have been enriched with the texts of numerous treaties, long or short, insignificant or of great importance, of momentary or of lasting effect. A full list of them would occupy several pages of this Review. Africa has been parcelled out from North to South and from East to West; frontiers have been traced in all parts of the continent by instruments of this nature. Similarly there are many questions of territorial rights, of zones of action, and of spheres of influence, in Eastern Asia. The Conventions thus made were frequently of considerable interest; they were followed by important consequences, and in this respect were in no way inferior to that which we have just made, or to those which we may make in the future. They bear witness to the great desire of both countries to arrive at some settlement with regard to their mutual differences, which were sometimes of a serious nature. The Conventions of 1887 and 1888, relating to the New Hebrides, the Leeward Islands, and the Somali Coast, are not forgotten. Those of 1889, 1890, and 1891, by which the frontiers of the French and English possessions in Western and in Central Africa were delimited, and by which their respective spheres of influence were defined, are still within our recollection. The

years 1893 and 1896 saw the settlement of the important questions of the Upper Mekong and of Siam. The questions of Tunis, of Dahomey, of the Ivory Coast, and of the Soudan, the delimitation of the frontiers in Central and Northern Africa, brought about new and important arrangements between the two countries in the years 1897, 1898, and 1899. On the present occasion, instead of signing Conventions and Declarations in succession, according as the questions were ripe for settlement, it was decided to wait until all could be dated on the same day. A group of three such documents has been presented, one of which, at least, is only there to swell the number. But the actual facts were of secondary importance; it was the impression to be produced to which the greatest significance was attached, and in politics impressions often count for much. The Governments of France and England have profoundly impressed public opinion; that was what they desired, and they have achieved their object.

The settlement of April 8 may therefore, especially in what it emphasises, be regarded as the inauguration of a new era. It affirms the existence of friendly relations between the two countries and shows that both alike are desirous to arrive at an understanding, and to put an end to the differences which unavoidably arise from the defence of their respective interests. It is the outward and visible sign and the first product of the *entente cordiale*. England and France, in fact, are now under a new régime, in which the significant features are good feeling and harmony, to which the name of "*entente cordiale*" has been applied. Very well then. Success to the *entente cordiale*! In France we are most anxious to be on the best of terms with our excellent neighbors across the Channel, and to see the development of sincere and

cordial goodwill on both sides. The new régime has none but supporters.

But what then was the old régime? Was it really so different from the new one as we are inclined to think in our anxiety to enhance the merits of the latter? We were at peace, and we should soon have had peace for a full century. Without the assistance of any Treaty of Arbitration we have managed to settle our differences in a peaceful manner. Let us hope that arbitration will be as successful as diplomacy has been. That is the best we can hope for; more successful it certainly will not be. We were at peace then, and our personal relations were becoming closer from day to day. The number of English travellers who visited France every year was enormous and was increasing steadily from season to season. What we call "export" in the interior, that is to say, what our merchants and industrialists sold to English buyers who came to Paris, was continually growing without pause or fluctuation. It is impossible to translate this trade into figures, for there are neither Bureaux of Statistics nor Customs returns by which it can be checked. The amount of our official exports to England is, however, well known; of those goods, that is, which are forwarded with all due formalities, certificates of origin, bills of lading, and the like. In these we have a barometer by which the state of our commercial relations can be exactly measured. Under the old régime, now despised and condemned, this barometer rose steadily; it showed a marked tendency to remain at "set fair." No two nations have ever been able to point to better commercial relations; no people has ever had better customers than the English have proved to the French. The truth of this may easily be proved. Forty years ago, in 1861, our exports to England amounted to some £20,000,000. Ten

years later they had reached £32,000,000. In 1881 they were £36,000,000. The sum of £40,000,000 was passed in 1891, and in 1901 the amount was £48,000,000. The year 1902 shows no falling off in this respect, for our exports to England during that period were more than £51,000,000. It will readily be seen that during the last forty years progress has been rapid and continuous. The best that we can hope is that the same will be true of the future, that the increase will be no less remarkable, no less steady, and that the *entente cordiale* will be as favorable to our commercial relations as was the old *régime*: more favorable it could scarcely be.

Such is the wish which I heard discreetly expressed by a French man of business, at the great banquet given in Paris last year to the representatives of the City of London. Monsieur Trouillot, the French Minister of Commerce, who presided, in an excellent speech applauded the *entente cordiale* as it deserved, and quoted some of the figures relating to the commerce between France and England which I have mentioned above. A Parisian merchant, a man whose natural sympathies as well as his interests made him a friend of England, and who had joined in applauding the speech of the Minister but had since been reflecting upon the eloquence of men and the eloquence of figures, went up to Monsieur Trouillot after dinner and said:—

"You are quite right. The English are our best customers and we must remain on good terms with them."

"I knew that we were all agreed on that point," replied Monsieur Trouillot.

"And how our exports have increased during the last few years!"

"Indeed, it is beyond belief."

After a moment's hesitation the merchant began again:—

"You are quite sure, I suppose, that

the *entente cordiale* will not spoil all that for us? For in that case, you know, we should have preferred the old state of things, which had no name, but was not bad all the same."

The Minister was somewhat disconcerted and the conversation came to an end.

The fact is that our merchants are of the same race as Mollère's Chrysale, who says:—

Je vis de bonne soupe, et non de beau langage.

(Fine words are a very excellent thing, but they must not be allowed to spoil the soup.) The English and French have made very good soup together of late years. Our household will certainly not be more successful, if henceforward, while speaking honied words and employing flowery language, we "let the joint be burnt or put too much salt in the pot." The satisfaction of material interests is a point worthy of consideration in international relations, and so far as that is concerned, there was no fault to find with the *status quo ante* between England and France.

But what of other questions? What of politics? it may be asked. Is it really true that the political relations of the two countries were of a hostile character? If so, that hostility was certainly intermittent, for every year, and sometimes more than once in the course of the same year, arrangements were arrived at with perfect cordiality. At the moment of our most serious differences no one in France was anxious for war, indeed, no one ever seriously thought of it. The very idea of such a thing appeared monstrous and impossible, and, whatever may be said, I feel certain that similar sentiments prevailed in the United Kingdom; the threats which were uttered contained a large element of bluff. Moreover, a war between France and England would not only be a crime against

civilization, it would also be an absurdity.

France has no means of transporting her troops across the Channel, and England could not land an army on the coasts of France, without its being immediately driven into the sea. Our superiority on land is overwhelming and incontestable, while on sea the superiority of England is equally great. The French armies would remain in France, the English fleet would keep the seas; it would be the old story of the battle between the elephant and the whale.

The English warships could, of course, bombard our shore batteries, which with their modern equipment would be little the worse. The batteries would reply to the fire of the ships, but the latter would probably remain at such a distance that few shots would tell. Duels between ships and attacks by torpedo-boats and submarines would also, no doubt, form part of the programme. France's maritime commerce would suffer, but English sea-borne trade would not escape without loss, and there would be third parties ready to profit at the expense of both. We could only attack England abroad, and the wounds which the English are in a position to inflict on France would be no more than skin deep. There is no fear of death from trifles of this nature, and a nation does not admit itself vanquished without more serious cause. Even if the inhabitants of both sides of the Channel had no other reason to agree together, they would find themselves, then, obliged to do so by the mere fact that it is impossible for them to fight. It would seem that they have long ago realized this, and have made up their minds to live in peace and friendship.

It is pointed out, however, that in the past there have been differences, even conflicts, between the two peoples. This is undeniable, and there will be

others in the future. Our interests touch at so many points on the earth's surface that they are bound to diverge at times, and there must be occasional quarrels where our two frontiers meet. No two nations in the world have so many points of friction, but similar situations are to be found in the case of individuals who happen to live side by side in town or country. Disputes may easily arise in such cases but they do not necessarily lead to fighting and, if people are sensible, they can readily be settled without recourse to such extreme measures. There have been unfortunate incidents and ruffled feelings in the past history of Anglo-French relations, but we have not gone to war about them, and we shall not do so in the future. There were times when both of us were nervous and ill-tempered, and the party which was in the wrong yielded with a bad grace. We shall assuredly act in the future as we have done in the past, for we cannot act otherwise; but we shall bring to bear upon our differences the soothing influence of good humor and friendly feeling, and when we yield we shall yield gracefully. This is the sum and substance of the *entente cordiale*, if it is limited to the mutual relations of the two nations; it is not of a nature to revolutionize the world.

III.

France and England, however, are not the only nations in the world, and it may be asked whether their agreement will not have consequences for others—whether there has not been some change in the international situation. The European policy of France is well known. With but slight variations it has remained the same for the last thirty years, and the alliance with Russia did no more than consolidate it. It is pre-eminently a pacific policy, and the restoration of our power has

contributed in no small degree to the maintenance of the peace of the world. Unless France is strong there is no true balance of power on the Continent. In this connection I must express my surprise at the language which I frequently hear since my return from Asia.

It would seem that during the thirty years of peace through which Europe has just passed the policy of the nations was one of wars and conflicts; so, at least, we are assured by publicists and eminent statesmen. But we are going to change all that; henceforth we are to have the policy of the "friends of peace" (*pacifistes*). But since that policy must be something different from what there was before their time one may be pardoned for some misgivings. Let us hope that their intentions, the purity of which cannot be doubted, will cause no confagurations, for in that case the nations would prefer to return to the bellicose policy under which peace has been maintained. We ourselves are upholders of that policy. We are anxious for peace, and we are striving to assure its maintenance by restraining within limits the desires and ambitions of those who would fain enlarge the field of their sovereignty, and who are desirous of obtaining the hegemony of Europe.

It was in order to promote this conservative policy that we came to an agreement with Russia, and formed with her ties of friendship and alliance. Public opinion in France ratified by a unanimous outburst of approval the Franco-Russian Alliance concluded by the Governments of the two countries. It may be said that no international agreement has ever been welcomed with such reasoned approbation and such genuine enthusiasm. It is not now, when our allies are engaged in a murderous conflict, in a war which is dangerous because it is distant, that there can be

any cooling in our friendship, any relaxation in the ties which bind us to them. On the contrary, our affection for the Russians is only increased by the great difficulties with which they are at present struggling. We regard them as the champions of Europe in the war with Japan, and we are convinced that it will not be long before England shares our opinion. There is nothing which could give us greater pleasure than to see our friends render justice to our allies.

In Europe, at any rate, the policy of France is consistent and unvarying. Russia allied herself with France in order to defend her, and it is this great fact which has dominated the international situation in recent years. May not the *entente cordiale* with England be regarded as a proof that our powerful neighbor is taking a decisive step in the same direction? The actual *rapprochement*, as has already been shown, would have no great significance, if it had reference only to the relations of one nation with another. Things would not have been much better than they were before, and, indeed, on the whole, they went very well. On the other hand, the *entente* is an instrument of the greatest value, if in consequence of it the weight of England is permanently thrown into the right scale in the balance of power in Europe. The right scale obviously means the scale in which we are ourselves, but it is also that of the *status quo* and of peace. France cannot permit the equilibrium of Europe to be disturbed once again to her own detriment. England, who has realized how much she lost in influence, in strength, and in wealth by certain concessions, appears, like ourselves, to appreciate the requirements of the present moment and of the near future. She is ready to range herself by the side of France against ambitions which will imperil the independence of nations and

compromise the peace of the world for a long time to come.

The certainty that we are in agreement on the most important of international questions should do much to facilitate the solution of those minor problems which are presented to us every day. The cordial relations now existing between the French and British Governments will enable us to speak frankly on all subjects, to foresee the dangers which threaten us, to give them our attention in good time, and by so doing to avoid them. By acting thus we shall together do everything that is necessary and desirable. To wish for a general and permanent

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alliance between France and England would be to set out in the pursuit of a chimera; such an alliance is not possible, nor is it desirable. With the vast colonial dominions which we both possess and with our great interests in the world such an alliance would be impossible unless one of the two nations consented to be the satellite of the other. But they are both at the same time too great and too proud to accept such a humiliating rôle. It is on parallel lines, in complete independence and yet with entire cordiality, that they must pursue, in time and space, the path of their glorious destinies.

Paul Doumer.

LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

CHAPTER III.

THE DELF.

It was dark by the time I reached home, and my family were already seated round the supper-table. My Father looked up from the cold round of beef which he was in the act of carving, with a smile and a nod, and a cheery, "So there thou art, lad! Sit thee down, thou must be welly famished."

"Eh," cried my Mother from her end of the table, "whatever kept thee so long? I was getting afraid summat had come to thee."

"Naught never comes to harm," said Patty, with a mischievous look.

I was just going to sit by her when she said this, but on hearing her I dragged my chair round to the other side of the table, and went back to fetch my knife and fork and trencher.

"Never heed her," cried little Johnny;

"Patty, she's been peepin' out o' the window lookin' for thee ever sin' six o'clock, so she needn't pretend——"

"Thou art a silly lad, Johnny," cried she. "I did but look to see what mak' o' night it was. But what kept you so late, Luke? Tell us that."

"It is a long tale," cried I. "I have a bit of news for you all, but I must have a gradely slice of beef first, for, as my Mother says, I'm welly clemmed."

I spoke thus to vex her, and to pay her back for saying "Naught never comes to harm"; but secretly I was burning to relate the strange happenings of that day; and here my Mother came to my rescue.

"Dear o' me," cried she, "what aggravatin' folk men are for sure! Thou, thyself, Forshaw, 'ull never have a word to throw at a body when thou comes back fro' market; and little Johnny here can scarce tell the names

of his schoolmates. An' as for thee, Luke, that rides to town every day an' sees an' hears such a deal——"

"Well, Ma'am," interrupted I, pleased to have an opportunity of delivering myself of my tidings without loss of dignity, "I can't refuse to tell you when you speak so pitiful. You must know then that Lychgate Hall is let."

"Let!" screamed they all, even little Johnny piping out the word with as much astonishment as the rest.

"Let," I repeated triumphantly, "and what's more, let to a lady, and what's more still, to the most beautiful lady I reckon I ever set eyes on; and what's more yet again, she's going to live there all alone by herself except for an old serving-man and such folks as she may hire to do for her!"

Having completed the enumeration of these astounding facts I buried my face in my leathern jack, and after a copious draught fell to upon my supper, answering curtly "yes" and "no" and "I know not" while the women-folk tired themselves out with wonderings and questionings. Never had I felt myself to be of so much importance. My Stepfather, who was slower in speech than the others, and was too much astonished at first to remark upon my announcement, suddenly brought down his fist upon the table.

"Thou'rt dreaming, lad! I canna credit it! The lady has surely not seen the place."

"Ah, but she has!" cried I. "I took her there myself. I took her there on Chestnut—she rode pillion behind me."

"La!" cried my Mother, "well! And did you say she was young, Luke, and well-favored?"

"Not much older than Patty, I doubt," said I, "and a thousand times better-looking."

And then I wagged my head at Patty, who tilted her chin in the air, and I thought within myself that I had drawn the long-bow, as the saying goes,

and that for all our Patty could not compare herself to Mrs. Dorothy, she was not amiss either. She had a red ribbon at her waist, I remember, that night, and another in her cap; and her brown curls had stolen down as usual beneath the muslin frills, and her eyes were dancing with excitement. I never could tell the color of Patty's eyes; they had very black lashes, but they themselves were light, and sometimes looked gray, and sometimes blue, and there were times when I told her they were green, but that was when she vexed me. I used to call her Little White-face, too, and make believe I thought her sickly, because I knew that nothing angered her more; but she never alluded anything, and if she had seldom any color in her cheeks her lips were always red. She was but a little body—I doubt her curly head would scarce reach above fair Dorothy's shoulders, but she had a pretty shape for all that, and many country gallants were already dangling at her apron-strings. She knew well enough—the little hussy—that she was bonny, and my unmannerly speech hurt her not at all; so far from being jealous of the beauty I described she was as anxious as my Mother to hear all about it. But ply me with questions though they might, they could drag no answers out of me on this point; I devoted myself to my plateful of beef less because of my hunger than from an odd reluctance that I had to speak of what lay so near my heart.

But other things I was willing enough to tell them and by-and-by, pushing away my platter, I gave them full particulars of the arrangement which Mrs. Ullathorne had made with my Uncle, and of her intention to take possession of Lychgate immediately. Then there was an outcry. My Father refused to believe that any woman could be so simple; my Mother, clapping her hands together, declared that she would

certainly kill herself, and Patty, turning to her suddenly, besought her to invite the pretty lady to The Delf until her own house should be at least tolerably habitable.

"Why," said my Mother, "if thy Father approves, Patty, I see nothing against it. There is the blue room," she went on meditatively, "always ready, thou knows—the bed well aired and that, and I am sure I should be sorry for our new neighbor to do herself a mischief by lying at that mouldy smelling place for a week to come. Dear heart, to think on't," cried she, her kind face all troubled, "to think of any young woman doing such a thing! What do you say, Forshaw? Shall Patty have her way?"

"Nay, my dear," returned he, "does not our Patty always have her way in this house? She is fair marred. But ask the lady by all means—'tis but neighborly when all's said and done."

Now I might have thought of this plan myself had not my brain been always somewhat slow, and though the suggestion was Patty's, and I made it a rule to discourage Patty's notions, thus counteracting as far as might be the excessive fondness of my Parents—for I vow my Mother spoiled the wench as much as her Father—my heart leaped up within me at the project. Dorothy Ullathorne actually under our own roof! To see her daily—to converse with her—to do her many slight services it might be—was not this a prospect?

The next day happened to be market day, and my Mother persuaded Mr. Forshaw to let her ride behind him to Upton.

"For," said she, "I can then speak to Mrs. Ullathorne myself. 'Twill be more seemly, and more hospitable than to send a message through our Luke here; and if she thinks fit to accept our invitation, my dear, then I can ride home with our Luke, and Mrs. Ulla-

thorne can ride back with you. Luke can take a spare pillion."

My Father agreed, and we all set off betimes; my Mother looking very comely in her new cloth hood and her puce silk dress, her kind soft face all lit up with anticipation.

Nothing would serve me but I must accompany her when she waited upon Mrs. Ullathorne—my Father, having business to transact, set her down outside the Crown—'twere best for me, I said, to make them known to each other, or else the lady would not know what to think of so early a visit.

But when we were ushered into the room my heart failed me, for there sat Dorothy by the window with an expression of extraordinary sadness, and the tears standing on her cheeks.

Then what must my Mother do but pull away her arm from mine, and run across the room to the pretty desolate young creature, and forthwith embrace her.

"Forgive me, my dear," said she. "I cannot bear to see you in such grief; and though we are at present strangers, I hope we may shortly become dear friends. For you are to be our neighbor, I hear, and the distance between the two houses is very short, and they say you have no Mother, my love," she went on, all in the same breath; "I'm sure I feel with all my heart for any one in such a plight, and I hope when you come to know me better you may turn to me sometimes when your heart is heavy, for, indeed, I am sure I shall love you very much."

Now, while my Mother was speaking, she was fondling Mrs. Dorothy's hands and kissing her cheek; and she had drawn her clean white handkerchief from her pocket and had gently wiped away the girl's tears; and all the time her face wore what I needs must call the Mother-look, for want of a better term. We have all seen such a look in the eyes of a good woman—aye,

many a time have I seen it even in the eyes of a poor beast when its little ones nestle by its side; 'tis of all things in Nature, I think, the most tender and the most beautiful. Mrs. Ullathorne could not hold out against it; her pride and reserve melted away, and she threw her arms about my Mother's neck and sobbed on her gentle bosom.

Then seeing that I had nothing to do in that place I stole away, leaving them to each other; but all that morning I was sore impatient for the moment when I might question my Mother as to what subsequently passed between them. Yet, when she was at length seated behind me on her pillion—Mrs. Ullathorne having gone on before us with my Father—she had not much information to give me; the lass wept for a long time, she said, and kissed her back when she embraced her, but she had not spoken much.

"And yet I am sure she is good," broke out my Mother, after a pause, during which I had been cogitating over the mystery that seemed to envelop the newcomer.

"Good!" cried I with a start. "Of course she is good. What else should she be?"

"I am only thinking," pursued my Mother, half-shame-facedly, "of a strange thing she said to me. I was making excuses, you must know, for our plain way of living at The Delf, and hoping it would not be displeasing to her, who must be so unaccustomed to the like. 'For,' said I, 'tis easy seen that you are a gentlewoman, whereas we are but honest yeoman-folk.' And then, my dear, she flung her arms about me again and hid her face in my bosom, and cried that if I did but know who she was and what she was I would see that the condescension was on my side, and that I would perhaps have naught to say to her."

"Why, what folly!" I interrupted quickly.

"The very thing I said, my dear! Said I, 'One has but to look in your face to see your character.' 'Oh, as for that,' cried she, 'I am not more wicked than my neighbors.' And then she jerked her head off my shoulder, but in a moment laid it down again—'I am not wicked,' says she, 'dear Madam, believe me, I am not wicked.'"

"And neither is she!" I exclaimed vehemently.

"No indeed," said my Mother; "but I wonder what she can have meant, lad."

I wondered too, but did not say so, and we rode on almost in silence till we came to our own gate.

My Father had no doubt made great speed, for there stood Mrs. Ullathorne by the horseblock, and little Patty clinging to her as if they were already the best of friends; Patty, as usual, all curls and dimples, and Dorothy with a brighter face than I had ever seen her wear.

"La!" said my Mother, craning upwards to peep over my shoulder, "don't they make a pretty pair? A Rose and a Lily."

My Mother was a bit sentimental, and loved such a comparison.

"A Lily of the Valley then!" said I to humor her. I was never one for making out such conceits, yet when the word escaped me I could not but think it apt. Patty might very well be called a Lily of the Valley; there were the little bells, you know, to signify merriment, and the sharp sweetness, yet for all that never a thorn, whereas Mrs. Dorothy, Queen of Maidens, as the Rose is Queen of Flowers, would wound sorely all who sought to come too nigh.

Meanwhile Chestnut had been pacing soberly across the grass plot and now ranged himself of his own accord to let my Mother dismount, whereat she pulled me by the sleeve.

"Well, Luke, how long art thou going to sit there staring, instead of giving me a hand down?"

I was off my saddle in a trice, and my Mother, after a cautious descent, turned to Mrs. Ullathorne and bade her welcome very prettily. Patty ran to me, as I was leading away Chestnut, to whisper in my ear:—

"Oh, Luke, I love her! I love her! Eh, she is bonny, and kind too. She is fain to be here, she says, and she was well pleased with her chamber, which, indeed, I made as pretty as I could. I found some daffodils nearly out, at the corner of the kitchen wall, and I popped them into hot water and put them in a vase on the table, and they are showing yellow already."

"And I picked some v'lets," chimed in Johnny, who had overtaken us, "and Sister Patty put them in a cup before her seeming glass. And the lady has seen my pigeons, Luke, and says they are bonny."

All round, indeed, Mrs. Ullathorne had, it appeared, won golden opinions. Even old Stumpy, our stableman, a surly old fellow as a rule, found a word to praise her.

"A bonny lass, Mester Luke!" said he. "As bonny a lass as ever come into this place. I reckon 'twould be a shame to let her go out again. You'd best see and keep her, Mester Luke."

I carried away my saddle with a red face, and made believe not to hear him.

"'Twould be a gradely match," went on Stumpy, "ah, sure it would! A gradely match and a bonny bride!"

And then I bade him sharply hold his tongue and rub down Chestnut well, though I generally performed that office myself; but these words of his had set my head awlirl, and I went swaggering indoors, feeling that I must needs be a great man since Stumpy thought me fit to be Mrs. Ullathorne's bridegroom.

Nothing of any moment happened during the next few days. Dorothy seemed at ease in our midst, and was very gentle and gracious to us all; she made little ado about our homely manner of living, and for a time showed no trace of the haughtiness which I had thought to detect in her.

But one day she suddenly flashed out in a way that took us all by surprise.

She had behaved very prettily towards my Father from the first, treating him, indeed, with a kind of affectionate respect which called forth our admiration; she asked his advice on many points connected with the management of her new property, and though she herself displayed a wisdom and knowledge which astonished him, she was most ready to listen to his counsels.

Well, it chanced that she informed my Father on this particular day that she wished to buy a horse, and having heard that he had several to dispose of, proceeded very civilly to inquire if he would give her leave to select one from his stock.

"With the greatest pleasure," cried he. "I know that the horse you will buy will have a good home, Mrs. Dorothy, and I love these beasts of mine as if they were children. There is Fleetfoot—own brother to Chestnut, Luke's horse that ye rid once, I believe—I reckon he'd suit you well enough if you gave him plenty of work—otherwise he might be a bit too mettlesome for ye."

"I don't mind how mettlesome he is," returned she eagerly, "so that he go fast enough to please me; and I fancy he will since you call him Fleetfoot. I must have a swift horse."

"Why," exclaimed my Father with a laugh, "are ye going to take to the road, Madam; d'ye want to be a female highwayman? I have heard of such things," he went on, in high glee at his

own jest. "Why there was one of 'em hanged not so many year ago."

'Twas but a clumsy joke, and the good man meant no harm, but Mrs. Dorothy wheeled round upon him with her eyes blazing in her head.

"Do you meant to insult me, Sir?" cried she, stammering and choking over the words so that they were scarcely intelligible. "Have you the grossness to speak thus to me under your own roof?"

My Father fairly gaped, so much taken aback was he; my Mother fell back in her chair dumbfounded; I felt my cheeks flame, but durst not offer a word. But before we could have done more than gasp once or twice our little Patty must needs pop out of her chair, and stamp on the floor and fall into as pretty a fury as Mrs. Ullathorne herself.

"And how dare you, Madam," cried she, with her eyes sparkling as bright as Mrs. Ullathorne's own, and her little fist clenched, "how dare you speak thus to my kind good Father, who could not say an ill word a-purpose if 'twas to save his life? He meant but to jest, and you know it well; and I am

sure, Madam, you have had nothing but kindness under this roof, and we all loved you, and—and—"

Here Patty's eloquence was suddenly cut short by an indignant sob.

"Hold your tongue, Patty," said I angrily, and—"Oh fie, child," faltered my Mother; but Mrs. Ullathorne ran across the room and took her in her arms.

"She is right! She is quite right!" she cried. "Oh, Patty, I love you for taking your father's part! I love you a thousand times better than I did before. It is I who am wicked and unmannerly—and, I beg your pardon, Sir," she added, turning to my Father with so sweet a penitence that he would have been hard indeed not to have forgiven her on the spot. As it was, being the kindest man in the world, he desired her heartily to think no more of the matter, and even made bold to kiss her cheek in token of goodwill.

And so the storm blew over, and he and she were better friends than before, but I for my part felt less at ease in her society, and could not conquer a certain anxiety lest, all unconsciously, our rough ways might give her offence.

The London Times.

(To be continued.)

COLONIAL MEMORIES: IV. RODRIGUES.

BY LADY BROOME.

"The deaf, cold official Ear" used to be a favorite phrase in the Crown Colonies in my day, and referred, of course, to the Ear of Downing Street; but even then it seemed to me a very undeserved reproach, for, so far as my own experience went, or rather the experience of my dear husband, it was only necessary to bring a grievance—small or large—before that much-abused department for at least an attempt to be made to remedy it directly.

Take the case of Rodrigues as an example. It had been for many years a "most distressful" *dépendance* of Mauritius. Once upon a time—early in the nineteenth century—it was a favorite sanatorium of the East Indian squadron, and ships were constantly calling there to leave sick or wounded sailors and take away the convalescents. For, until 1814 brought peace and the Treaty of Paris, a good deal of fighting went on in that part of the Indian

Ocean, Bourbon and L'Ile de France being the prizes of the victor.

Apropos of those same prizes, I have always heard that L'Ile de France, as Mauritius used to be called in those days, was only captured by stratagem, and that its protecting circle of reefs, quite as effectual as a chain of torpedoes, had kept the British frigates cruising outside for many a weary day. There was no reliable chart, and, naturally, no pilot was forthcoming. At last, *very* early one morning, a pirogue was sighted, and a smart man-of-war's boat intercepted it before the shelter of the coral girdle could be gained. Its solitary occupant was a young fisherman, who was directly taken to the admiral's ship, and, with great difficulty and with the aid of what was to him an enormous bribe, persuaded to guide the landing party's boats through difficult passages to a suitable and unexpected landing-place. The choice lay between that and death, and the lad chose life and wealth. But I was assured that from that day to this the poor man and his descendants had been regarded as outcasts, with whom no one in the conquered island would have any dealings.

Then, as to Bourbon, the story goes that it was given back to the French by that same Treaty of Paris owing to a mistaken idea at our own Colonial Office that it was a West Indian Island, instead of lying only a hundred miles south of Mauritius. So ever since 1814 poor little Rodrigues has been deserted by her naval visitors, and Port Mathurin had welcomed only two men-of-war in the sixty-five years which had passed before our visit.

The real bad times, however, set in with the abolition of slavery, for it is the sort of climate where one need not work, or only work very little, to live. The sugar and coffee estates soon fell out of cultivation, as did the cotton and even the vanilla bean, which

grows so easily, and the island seems to have come in for more than its fair share of hurricanes. Then the want of communication and a market for exports completed the tale of its trouble; and when an unusually dry season killed the rice crops, something very like a famine set in. This had happened several times before our day, and relief for the moment had, of course, been sent.

But when, one day in the middle of the hurricane season of 1881, a wretched little open boat struggled across the 350 miles of Indian Ocean, bringing the island pilot and another sailor with a piteous tale of the hunger and distress which prevailed in Rodrigues, the Lieutenant-Governor of Mauritius felt that nothing but a personal visit and inquiry into the cause of the constantly recurring evil would satisfy his Government. So an application was made at once through the Colonial Office for the loan of a man-of-war to visit the afflicted little island. There was no telegraph nearer than Aden twenty-three years ago, so, although the matter was taken in hand at once in Downing Street, it was early in June of the same year before it could be finally arranged. A small gunboat was all that had been asked for, and lo! the flagship herself—the stately *Euryalus*—was put at the Lieutenant-Governor's disposal through the courtesy of the admiral of the East Indian station, who made an official visit of his own to Madagascar fit in with the date of the proposed trip to Rodrigues.

I have felt this little explanation to be necessary of how we came to be standing on the poop of H.M.S. *Euryalus* that lovely afternoon of our best mid-winter month. Our party had been kept as small as possible, for there was only the accommodation reserved for the admiral and his flag-lieutenant vacant, and our good bishop had begged to come to look after the

spiritual needs of his small flock in that distant part of his diocese.

The scene is still vividly before me: the profound calm of everything after the noise and bustle of our reception on board were over, of which the only trace was the smoke of the saluting cannon still curling over the calm water. We seemed to be stationary, and the lovely hills, with their deep purple shadows, their glistening waterfalls, and the vivid green of the fields of sugar-cane in the valleys, appeared to be slowly gliding away under the most exquisite sunset sky. But all too soon the *Euryalus* had made her way through the crowded harbor of Port Louis to what seemed a gate in the wall of coral reef, and headed, a few moments later, out to sea. A sea beautiful to behold, indeed, but of so rough-and-tumble a nature that the dinner party that evening was but small. In fact few of our party showed up much during the three days of alternate rolling and pitching across that rough bit of water, with a strong head-wind from south-east. We had really been making the best of our way all the time because the captain was very anxious to get in early on the 28th to celebrate Her Majesty's coronation. No sooner, therefore, had we dropped anchor in the open roadstead opposite Port Mathurin than the royal standard flew out from our main, and the gallant old ship was, in a moment, dressed from stern to bow in gay flags. At noon a royal salute pealed out over the water—but this is anticipating a little, for long before noon every available boat was crowding round the *Euryalus*. The magistrate had come on board directly; so had two very agreeable Roman Catholic priests. Every one concerned in the matter was soon deep in the arrangement of details connected with our official landing.

As I had nothing to do except to put on my best bonnet at the proper

time, I had plenty of leisure to admire the tiny island, which, with no other land to dwarf it, looked quite imposing from the deck of the *Euryalus*. It was difficult to believe that the highest hill I could see was only 1,800 feet above the sea-level, for the beautiful clear atmosphere seemed to magnify everything, as if one were looking at it through water. And there were ravines plainly marked, each with its little tumbling cascade, and a great deal of bright green foreground, which we afterwards found was not the inevitable sugar-cane, but a coarse, rather rank grass, affording excellent grazing for cattle. Indeed, Rodrigues could supply Mauritius entirely with beef if only there were proper communication, but as matters then stood our supply used to come chiefly from Madagascar by weekly steamer.

It was really like an English April day, even to the bite in the air whenever the sun was absent during the constant scudding squalls—squalls which kept the poor reception committee in a state of anguish and anxiety not to be described. Most of them had come on board to arrange details, and were condemned to watch their beautiful arches and masts and flags being most roughly handled by the sou'-wester. I did my best to comfort any one who came my way by predictions of a fine afternoon, and to assure them that business—stern, serious business—was the real object of the visit.

The heart-breaking part of it all, however, was to find that the entire population of Rodrigues insisted on regarding the gaily dressed ship, the royal salute, even the royal standard, as all being part and parcel of the show, and in the Lieutenant-Governor's honor. I never can forget the horrified faces both of poor dear F. and the flag-captain of the *Euryalus* when this fact dawned on them. They were quite tragic over it,

and thought me most heartless for laughing at the mistake.

The alternations of sun and shower showed up with curious clearness the water-path which a boat would need to follow between the ship and the shore. It was traced quite distinctly, as if in a very devious track of indigo, through the bright blue water and the white tips breaking on the coral reefs, whilst every here and there a wee islet, on which earth and grass-seed were quickly finding their way, had pushed its head up. It seemed an object-lesson on the very beginning of things. The worst of all this was that the big ship could not come at all near the shore, and, as we were always to sleep on board, the little voyage twice a day entailed a good deal of forethought on account of the tide.

However, both weather and tide were highly favorable by three o'clock that same afternoon, when the official landing took place with perfect success. I could not help glancing triumphantly at the now radiant reception committee as, with hardly a breath of air stirring and not a cloud in the sky, we stepped out of the admiral's barge. Needless to say, the entire population of Rodrigues were crowded on the little wharf, which was gaily carpeted with red and roofed with palm branches. Even the two *condamnés*, representing the evil-doers of the community, stood in the background in friendly converse with their gaoler, who would not on any account miss the show. Our friend the pilot was there also in great form, and it seemed he had been taking to himself the credit of having arranged the visit. He was not in carpet slippers this time, however, which was a pity; for, if he had only known it, the carpet slippers in which he had been forced to present himself before the Lieutenant-Governor, after his terrible voyage in February, had, as he called it, *abîmé* his feet, and, adding a cer-

tain dramatic touch of reality to the tale of suffering, counted for something in the end.

A resplendent guard of honor of Marines had preceded us and so had the ship's band. "*Ces Messieurs avec les trompettes*" became at once first favorites, and remained so to the end. Primitive and friendly as it all was, there yet was no escaping the inevitable addresses, which had to be in French, as that is really the language of the little island, though I fear it was not of the purest Parisian type. Happily, I could perceive no traces of famine or even of hard times in the crowds which surrounded us. All seemed fat, and buxom, and beaming. I looked anxiously at the children, for I remember the heart-breaking sight the poor little ones had presented when I had passed through an Indian famine district long years before the Rodrigues visit. These babies were as plump as ortolans, and as merry as crickets.

Friendly and almost universal hand-shaking brought the affair to an end—"une vraie fête de famille," as I heard it called—and we were free to adjourn to the magistrate's pretty house for a welcome cup of tea. The moment it had been hastily swallowed and F. had got out of his gold-lace coat, he and the magistrate adjourned to the little court-house close by and plunged at once into business, being with difficulty haled forth in time to return on board for a very late dinner. Nothing had an effect on their movements except threats of a falling tide. In fact the state of the tide governed—not to say tyrannized over—our arrangements that whole week. "Pray be punctual to-morrow morning, on account of the tide," was the last thing I heard at night, and no engagement on shore could be made until the state of the water at a given hour was ascertained. In spite, however, of punctuality and care, we had to make some ridiculous

trajets, beginning in great pomp in the admiral's barge, changing half-way into smaller boats, then into canoes, and finally being piloted through the shallows standing on a tiny plank laid across a stout leaf and propelled by a swimmer; yet one always arrived dry-shod though much agitated.

We had only a very few days to stay in Rodrigues, for the *Euryalus* had to return to Madagascar to pick up her admiral; but there were two things which must absolutely be accomplished during our visit. One was an expedition to "The Mountain" to visit the good priests and make a closer acquaintance with the needs of that particular district, and the other was to have a day's sport. This, I must add, was chiefly in the interests of our kind naval hosts, for I honestly believe that both F. and the magistrate would have greatly preferred a long and happy day in the court-house, hard at work.

The mountain excursion entailed our leaving the ship at eight o'clock of a lovely morning. In fact, the bad weather seemed to have ceased with our landing, and it proved ideally calm and beautiful all that week. As no wheeled vehicle, or horse to draw it, exists on Rodrigues, *chaises à porteurs* were provided for the two ladies of the party, and all the gentlemen walked. For the first five miles the road was excellent, having, indeed, been a "relief work" during one of the famines. It zigzagged up the steep hill-sides very easily, and wound through natural groves of oranges and lemons, plantains and palms, which afforded a welcome shade. The small houses—*cases*, as they are called—looked trim and pretty, each with its "provision ground" of yams and sweet potatoes, and one soon got high enough to look over them on to the little town nestling among trees, with large patches of bright green grass between it and the sea. The *Euryalus* made a stately ob-

ject in the foreground, and dwarfed the little fishing-boats and pirogues which swarmed around her to the size of toys. I noticed that the sails of these tiny craft were stained with much the same vivid colors one sees at Chioggia, and the coloring of both sky and sea was truly Italian, as were the "soft airs of Paradise," which made walking a pleasure.

Still, many halts were called, ostensibly to admire the charming panorama, but also to pick wild oranges and other juicy fruits. Flowers, more or less wild, grew in profusion all round us, and I was soon laden with beautiful blossoms.

We were already a large party when we started, and our enormous "tail" increased as we passed through each hamlet. The last part of the road proved merely a mountain track over rough boulders, and all felt glad when the hill-top was reached and we were once more on a tolerably level track. The village of Gabrielle appeared to have availed itself of every inch of cover from the summer hurricanes, and each ravine or dip in the ground was occupied by a little *case* and garden. A fine triumphal arch awaited us here, beneath which stood the two abbés, with the whole population of the district as a background. Such a smiling crowd, and such a cordial welcome.

After the inevitable address, an attempt was made to raise "le God-save" (as it is always called in Mauritius), but its tones were wavering and uncertain, and the tune showed a tendency to turn into the "Old Hundredth," so it was somewhat of a relief when it was succeeded by a sort of hymn of welcome, which they all knew, and which was given with great heartiness and lung power. The refrain "Et vivat! et vivat!" was most spirited, and went really well.

By this time, however, we all felt very hungry, and were glad to be taken

to the presbytery, close to the little chapel, where *déjeuner* awaited us. Wild kid, poultry, eggs, and fruit made up an excellent meal, followed by perfect coffee; and then the serious business of the day began.

I betook myself to the sheltered side of a *case*, where I could view the sort of open-air meeting which was going on to leeward of the chapel, and of which F. and the priests formed the central figures. An interpreter had to be found, for the island has a patois of its own, different even from that of Mauritius. This interpreter was an Irishman, and his gestures were so dramatic that I could really make a good guess at the story which was being unfolded; but I felt somewhat puzzled when, towards the end, he flung his old hat on the ground and danced on it. I wondered if he was asking for Home Rule! All the men in the settlement had crowded round F. and the priests, and I found myself the centre of a large gathering of the women of Gabrielle. Children were there in numbers, but had no chance of getting near me, and there was always the difficulty of the language. What my smiling jet-black friends seemed most curious about was my "civil status," and that of the other lady. "Madame ou Ma'amzelle?" was the incessant question to both of us. I singled out one extraordinarily ugly but beaming and big, fat girl to put the same question to, and I can never forget the droll air of coquetry with which she laid one black finger against an equally black cheek, turned her head aside, and murmured bashfully, "Moi, je suis Modeste."

This out-of-door parliament lasted a couple of hours, and by that time all the burning questions and even the grievances had been laid before the Lieutenant-Governor, and it was necessary to make a start if we were to catch the tyrant tide. So the proces-

sion re-formed, only with the *chaises à porteurs* left out, for we ladies preferred to walk down, especially at first; and off we set, the priests leading, our little party next, and a dense crowd everywhere. They all sang hymns, winding up with the first we had heard, and lusty shouts of "Et vivat! et vivat!" pursued us almost to the bottom of the hill. Never was a more affectionate leave-taking, and the expressions of gratitude to F. for the trouble he had taken were really most touching. We carried the dear abbés back to dine on board with us, as there was yet much to be discussed.

The next day was supposed to be one of rest as far as exercise went, and whilst F. was busy indoors with work, I was taken by the magistrate's wife round the little town of Port Mathurin to visit the school and the tiny hospital, as well as to return the calls of some of the leading ladies. It is a very healthy island apparently, much more so than Mauritius, but then it is not so desperately overcrowded as its big sister. The chief complaint I heard was of the idleness and inertia of the people themselves, and of how difficult it was to induce them to do anything except dawdle—good-humoredly enough—through their lives. Of course, this partly accounts for the famine and distress. They just live from day to day, and make no sort of provision for even the morrow, still less the rainy or hurricane day.

There certainly was no inertia, however, on the part of the children at a christening service the bishop held in the schoolroom that afternoon. Such vigorous protests against the sacred rite could not be imagined, and it was difficult to get through it on account of the noise of the children's shrieks. The mothers did not seem in the least distressed or alarmed at the outcries of their offsprings; indeed, one black lady remarked to me

—I was the universal god-mother—
 “C'est peut-être M. le Diable qui s'en va?” I can't think why the children were so terrified, because the bishop christened the babies first, and all was calm and holy peace until I attempted to lead up a small boy of about four years old. He started a wild yell and frantic struggles, in which all the others joined, till at last I felt inclined to take part in the chorus of sobs myself. The bishop's tact and gentle patience were marvellous, but did not avail to allay the fears of the neophytes.

Our last day at Rodrigues held, indeed, hard work, for we spent it from an early hour *en chasse*, the paraphernalia of which might have served for at least a small punitive expedition. Such munitions of war, in the shape of guns and cartridges! and the commissariat was on an equally liberal scale. This excursion took us quite to the other side of the island, and we crossed a little bay to get to it, so a small fleet of fishing-boats had been commandeered for the occasion. This brought us in touch with most of the fisherfolk, and F. seized the opportunity of thoroughly investigating their needs and wants.

There is really a good deal of game on the island; deer, partridges, and wild guinea-fowl were promised us; but, alas; we had reckoned without the first lieutenant of the *Euryalus*, who availed himself of our absence to have a thoroughly happy day with his big guns, the noise of which drove every beast and bird as far away as possible. However, there was still the long delightful day in the open air, and it was always possible to get shade beneath the vacoas, a sort of palm, common also in Mauritius, of whose fibre sacks, baskets, and lots of useful things are made. But the *Latanier* is the maid-of-all-work among palms. All the little *cases* are built and thatched

with it, its fibre makes excellent rope, and doubtless it could be turned to many other uses.

In spite of our really enormous luncheon, we were bidden to a banquet on our return to Port Mathurin, and that day actually ended with a ball! We had made ourselves independent of the tyranny of the tide for once, and had brought our evening things on shore with us, so a very sunburnt and sleepy group in uniforms and ball dresses made the best of their way on foot to the court-house somewhere about nine o'clock, and absolutely danced with spirit and vigor until the coxswain put his head in at the door and murmured “Tide's falling, sir.” It was only about midnight, but we all fled like so many Cinderellas. No need to wrap up, for a lace scarf was sufficient on such a balmy night, and the moonlight felt quite warm.

We certainly would not have been allowed to take so hurried a departure had it not been settled that we were to breakfast on shore next morning and make our real farewells then. The guard of honor and the “*trompettes*” preceded us once more, and there was a sort of attempt at an official “send-off.” But the islanders took the matter in their own hands this time, and I really believe every human being in Rodrigues came to see us off, and to thank and bless “*Excellence*” for having paid them so long a visit. The “*condamnés*” were there too, and solemnly promised me to be models of good behavior for the future. My numerous god-children were now (scantily) clothed, but in their right minds, and their mothers tried hard to get them to express their regret for having been “*si méchant*,” but that part of the performance did not come off. However, they got their bags of sugar plums all the same.

The inevitable address was got through in dumb show, and we were

followed not only to the water's edge but into the water itself by the affectionate farewells of all the poor people. It was so touching, the way they brought gifts. Modeste was there with oranges and eggs in each hand. Indeed, I may mention here that eggs, however fresh, are very embarrassing tokens of affection when given in dozens. I presented all mine to the fo'castle, as well as sundry sacks of oranges; and as for my bouquets, they would have stocked a flower-shop. It was quite with difficulty we pushed off at last. Fortunately the tide allowed the admiral's barge to come up to the little jetty, for I am sure if we had started on a palm leaf, as we sometimes did, there would have been disasters and wet feet, to say the least of it.

By the time the *Euryalus* was reached, she was found to be ringed round by boats of all sorts and sizes, and it was quite difficult to get first on board and then off. "Et vivat!" rang out in great force on every side,

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and even a tremulous "God-save;" but the hearty thanks and benedictions were the pleasantest sounds. At last the screw turned, and the fine old ship headed once more for the wide ocean. The boats and waving kerchiefs were soon dwarfed into so many dots on the dancing waves, and in an hour or two we had looked our last on Rodrigues.

The wind was fair for going back, and the voyage proved quite smooth as well as very pleasant. "*Ces Messieurs avec les trompettes*" discoursed delightful music to us after dinner, and the soft moonlight lasted all the way back. The dear old *Euryalus* has gone the way of old ships, but has happily left a smart successor to her name and fame. Regular communication (that is to say, as regular as the hurricanes will allow) has been established with Rodrigues, and it must be more prosperous, for I see by the latest returns that the population has doubled itself since that delightful visit.

BOY IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

If I am right in supposing that the young offspring of every animal is, for a time at all events, a source of much joy as well as of deep anxiety to the one if not the other of its parents, it seems to be a privilege appertaining to the young human animal alone that in well-regulated society his or her welfare should affect to a greater or less degree the happiness and comfort not only of both parents but of sundry grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins, and in extreme cases a perfect shoal of comparatively remote relations. How essentially, then, is man a social being, and if man adult, then

embryo man or Boy—for Girl, to mankind at all events most fascinating, most aggravating, and most interesting of creatures, is far too delicate a subject to meddle with at present.

And if it is the privilege of Boy to have the power of interesting his male as well as his female ancestors, it is a privilege too of man to rejoice in the joys and sympathize with the sorrows of his child, a privilege which seems to separate him from the brute creation quite as widely as does the possession of reasoning power.

My late lamented friend, Master Tartar, I shall believe to my dying day

had reasoning power; but I never saw him bestow the faintest mark of recognition, let alone sympathy, on any puppy that he fathered.

It appears—such at least is my own small experience of natural history—to be a law of nature that a male fish should regard his descendants, whether of the first, second, or third generations, as a species of *hors d'œuvre* or a succulent morsel created for the family consumption. And if a male bird in a wild state feeds for its young, and is even occasionally credited with a laudable readiness to assist in hatching his wife's eggs, marital rather than paternal affection is probably the motive cause. He is for the season the avowed husband of one wife,—this by no means excludes, any more than in rational circles, the idea of innocent external flirtation,—and that wife he loves and cherishes for her own sweet sake, apart from or even maugre any personal feeling about his children or probably knowledge of their identity. The domesticated male bird, on the other hand,—my old barn-door cock, for instance,—clearly regards his ladies' broods as unmitigated little nuisances, only tolerable or interesting on those occasions when the poultryman provides specially prepared and delicate food for their consumption. For then, if the man is simple-minded enough to turn his back, and no inconvenient coop renders the position unassailable, Mr. Chanticleer tramples the tiny things underfoot, or pecks them viciously and indiscriminately in his desire to obtain the lion's share of the dainty. Tom Cat Esquire, Mr. Bull, Mr. Dog, and other domesticated male animals are so mormonic in their ideas that they recognize no distinction of any kind between their own kittens, puppies, calves, &c., and their neighbors' children. It may be assumed that each animal either knows or guesses that his wives are as polygamous as himself,

and comes to the wise conclusion that if anyone beyond the mother is required to look after the babies, one of those other fellows may as well do it as himself. Among civilized nationalities, on the other hand, Boy, except in his very early babyhood, a stage when probably not one father in twenty would recognize his own progeny in a baby-show, has an almost painful habit of so completely entwining himself round his male parent's heart that the latter is ready to sacrifice himself entirely in his child's interest. Where polygamy prevails, and children are multiplied *ad infinitum*, the family tie, dissipated into countless fractions, is necessarily weakened. There is no evidence to show that Solomon, with a very easy conscience on the subject of taxation, made that substantial provision at his subjects' expense for the maintenance of his tribe of outlying children which did that English king who followed the example of the Hebrew monarch not only in the matter of witty sayings but in other less creditable particulars. And yet the wisest of mankind, a good man to follow in precept if not in practice, did not entirely ignore the responsibilities attaching to paternity, but rather held the same sound views on the subject of elementary education as a Midland farmer of my acquaintance, who once observed to me—whether the remark was original or not I do not pretend to say—

"I never did hear tell of any boy as was ever any good on, 'less he had a good ash-plant behind him."

It is possible, of course, that Solomon, and, for all I know to the contrary, my friend the farmer, based their theory on their observation of other people's children, and I have always pictured the over-caustic Draco to myself as a busy man who, living in an alley crowded with noisy children, set himself seriously to the work

of devising a satisfactory method for getting rid of the surplus population. For whether Boy's everyday performances are to count as actions of merit or very much the reverse almost entirely depends upon the point of view from which his critic regards them.

"Sharp as a needle, isn't he?" says Paterfamilias, his face beaming with delight, apropos of one of his six-year-old son's personal remarks.

But his friend, the subject of the remark, is far more inclined to hold that view which a really most benevolent doctor lately put on paper when writing about a very ungracious boy-patient. "If I had had the training of the young ruffian, Burnham Beeches would long ago have been a barren wilderness."

"Isn't he a manly little chap?" remarks the host, whose son and heir has wrecked a visitor's best umbrella in the attempt to ride cock-horse upon it.

"Mischievous little devil!" is the *sotto-voce* verdict of the owner of the damaged article.

Some years ago a deputation of aggrieved ladies, residing in a quiet suburb that shall be nameless, waited upon the mother of a large and somewhat rowdy family with the modest request that "Tommy" should be requested to abstain from the rather alarming practice of taking pot-shots at their windows with a saloon pistol.

"Has he really broken two of your windows, Miss —?" inquired the mother with a sweet smile.

The answer was in the affirmative.

"And two of yours?" turning to another lady.

"Yes."

"And one of yours, Mrs. —?" to the third member of the deputation.

"Yes."

"Dear me!" chirped the proud mother; "how very like dear Tommy!"

Winning little creature as he may, and with proper handling should, become, Boy in the abstract, and in his primitive stage, is not particularly attractive. In the first place, he has a greater capacity for mischief than the young of any other animal, except perhaps, his first cousin the monkey. Where Kitten or Puppy will destroy a door-mat or a waste-paper basket, Boy or Monkey will paint the door itself green and yellow, stick jam on the handle, and ornament the side-posts and lintel with sundry cuts and scratches, Boy with his little knife having the advantage over Monkey that he is able to whittle. The waste-paper basket Boy will wreck quite as completely as will either Puppy or Kitten, and he will furthermore range about the room,—his father's study for choice,—and play havoc with the most important papers, blotting M.S. with the stamp-sponge, enlisting the services of a stray cheque or two and a few receipts as pendants to his kite-tail, and relieving the dulness of the chairs and tables by the introduction of ponds of ink or gum.

Again, Boy's powers of producing weird and discordant noises far transcend those of either Donkey, Rooster, Peacock, or Bull-Frog. In addition to his natural capacity for bawling, shouting, shrieking, screaming, yelling, and whining, he employs artificial methods, and to this date I attribute periodical fits of indigestion, and an inclination to make my breakfast a sort of peripatetic meal, to a severe shock to my nervous system, the result of the truly awful blast of a penny trumpet, which a small boy, allowed by his fond parents to wander around the room where we were breakfasting, suddenly poured into my unsuspecting ear.

Needless to say, the wit and humor of the performance appealed most strongly to the doting parents: for my

own part, I then and there registered a mental vow that nothing short of death or bonds should ever induce me to eat my breakfast under their roof again.

Articulate speech, which, coupled with upright gait, alone distinguishes Boy from the young of the lower animal,—for the reasoning faculty and spiritual life are in too rudimentary a stage to be taken seriously into consideration,—is in the earlier phases a very questionable advantage either to himself or the world at large. He employs it, of course, to express his wishes and desires, and so far it is useful to him. But he also employs it to reproduce a nurserymaid's provincial dialect and forms of expression, to repeat things better left unsaid, to chatter at inconvenient moments, to ask in public most embarrassing questions, and to make most annoying personal or unnecessary remarks.

"Hark to the voice of innocence!" say the people, when, in that gem among tales, "The Emperor's New Clothes," a child in the crowd invites attention to the self-evident fact that the worthy old monarch is more or less undraped. How much better for the feelings of the Emperor himself, as well as of any ladies present, if the voice of innocence had not been heard!

When articulate speech passes for the moment unheeded or unanswered, Boy commonly falls back on his original resources of roaring and howling, until, like the importunate widow, he has enforced attention. Fresh in my memory is the contrast between the behavior of a spoilt boy and a parrot—the latter, may I say by way of parenthesis, the more intelligent as well as the better-favored creature of the two—under precisely similar circumstances. I was calling at a house one afternoon, and preparations were being made for the one really sound meal of the day,

five o'clock tea, when on the arrival of the tea-tray I was startled by hearing a soft voice behind me.

"Chu-chu wants a bit of sugar!"

"It's only the parrot," explained my hostess; "he always has a bit of sugar at tea-time." And then, addressing the bird, she said, "Chu-chu must not be impatient; he must be a good bird and wait a little."

Chu-chu accepted the decision, and waited with exemplary patience for a full ten minutes. At the end of that time, not unnaturally coming to the conclusion that his mistress had forgotten him, as was really the case, modestly, and in the same soft voice as before, he repeated his remark and got his sugar.

At another house, a few days later, where Boy, not bird, was the pet of the establishment, and sugar again the article in demand, the plaintiff in the case gained the suit after one loud-voiced demand—not by patient resignation, but by the double process of pulling a face that was anything but cherubic, and roaring so lustily that conversation was out of the question till his wants had been satisfied, and he finally added to the burden of his iniquities by "asking for more."

Even when Boy, on his very best behavior, confines himself to worlds of good omen, there are occasions when an outside auditor—not Boy's parent, of course—may have wished from the bottom of his heart that the sweet thing had been born dumb. What lover of sport has not sympathized with Soapey Sponge when that amusing scoundrel, all eager to be off and hunting, is condemned to waste valuable, and, as the sequel proves, irredeemable minutes in waiting for and listening to the recital of the story of "Obin and Ickard" by one of his many involuntary hosts' children. Well-earned retribution, perhaps, in friend Soapey's case; but he is not the

only man who has suffered from Boy's performances in public.

Label your Boy if you really want us to love him, my dear Cornelia, as a thing to be seen but not heard; or even, like the medicine-bottle, "to be well shaken before taken" into general society.

Again, is it too much to say that Boy, whose warmest admirers will admit to be on all occasions "greedy for nice," is when left to his own devices at once as voracious as a pike and as omnivorous as an emu, let alone the circumstance that his fondness for biting his nails and gnawing his fingers seems to point to cannibalistic yearnings. It has not, so far, fallen to my lot to encounter any specimen of the Boy tribe who has, like Mr. Jack Hopkins' young friend, swallowed by detail his sister's bead necklace, and had to be muffled up in a watchman's coat for fear that he should disturb the other patients in the hospital by reason of recurrent fits of internal rattlings. But I could not count on the fingers of one hand the youngsters of my acquaintance who have bolted coins of the realm, and can remember watching with considerable interest the performances of a pasty-faced young gentleman who surreptitiously attacked an artificial bunch of grapes. It so chanced that the father, by whose side this adventurous youth was sitting at the time, was laying down the law to a large company on a political subject, and was a man rather apt to resent interruption. I could therefore only venture to favor the son and heir with a frown, in reply to which he winked pleasantly before proceeding to masticate the delicacy, of which I imagine tallow to have been the principal ingredient. For a minute or so a puzzled expression came over his face, and I had quite made up my mind that the stolen dainty was not altogether to his liking, when, lo and be-

hold! after an interval which he had evidently employed in weighing the merits of the substance he had just swallowed, out went my little friend's hand again, and a second grape followed its predecessor. Had not custom ordained that the ladies should just then leave the dinner-table and the children should accompany them, I verily believe that the little urchin would have "wolfed" the entire bunch.

Fully conscious that mothers of curled darlings—what an abomination, by the way, is Boy in curls!—will with one accord rise up in judgment against me, I none the less boldly venture to assert that in the matter of cleanliness Boy could learn a useful lesson from nearly any other animal. When we call a grimy boy a "dirty little pig," we are grossly libelling the latter creature, who has all the will to be as clean as a new penny where he has the opportunity, or, in other words, a supply of dry straw, whereas Boy, if left to his own devices, would rigidly abstain from soap and water. "He will never be happy till he gets it," we read in Pears' advertisement; but "He is infinitely happier without it" would, I fear, be a far truer tale. Puppy, at a very early age inoculated by his mother with the idea of cleanliness, will perform his own toilet, whether with tongue or straw, not only cheerfully, but with evident pleasure, and every well-bred dog has a wholesome horror of abiding dirt. My little terrier, for instance, in pursuit of vermin may dig regardless of consequences in a muddy bank, or even a manure-heap; but ten minutes later, if the hunt is over, she will be either whining for admission to the stable in quest of clean straw, or rolling on a handy door-mat, or—of course she does not consider the housewife's feelings—scrubbing herself assiduously against the sides and back of an armchair. Invite the little lady to go for a walk

on a rainy day, and she will hesitate before she accepts the invitation, evidently weighing in her own mind the advantages of exercise and good company against the prospect of wet feet, dirty legs, and a mud-splashed "underneath."

"Well, it's pretty beastly," she says to me at last, "but if you really make a point of it, I'll come."

She comes accordingly, but throughout that walk how marked the difference between her behavior and that of Boy under similar conditions. She picks her way with delicacy and discretion, carefully avoiding unnecessary mud and puddles, while Boy will not possess his conscience void of offence until he has splashed through every puddle and liberally spattered with mud not merely his own boots and trousers but those of his companion into the bargain. While Vic, though travelling on all-fours, comes home with her face at all events clean, Boy's visage will be found decorated with half a dozen mud-splashes, while he furthermore has a knack, peculiar to his species, of tumbling his cap off and treading upon it, and makes it a point of honor to drop once at least in every hundred yards the family umbrella wherewith maternal forethought has armed him.

Kitten it would be idle to contrast with Boy in this particular. For their ideas of cleanliness are as divergent as the two poles: she abominates dirt, and he literally revels in it.

When Lord Melville—*vide* the Creevy papers—"spoke gravely and handsomely of the increased cleanliness of the country from the increased excise revenue of soap," it is a pity that he did not further trouble himself to give his audience a few statistics to show how much of the increased consumption was due to voluntary and how much to involuntary cleanliness,—how much soap, that is, was used by the would-be-cleans *con amore*, and how

much employed on the would-be-dirties very much against the grain.

Was your face ever sent to the house-maid to scrub?

Have you ever felt huckaback softened with sand?

Had you ever your nose towelled up to a snub?

And your eyes knuckled out with the back of a hand?

May I venture—still, of course, *pace* the darling's mother—to trace the career of the Boy natural so far as he is concerned with the process of ablution, on the understanding that I admit the existence of some exceptions to the rule?

From the cradle—I do not really know what happens in the cradle—to the preparatory school, Boy, then, is in a well-regulated household periodically scrubbed at home, abominating the process from start to finish. At the preparatory school he is either scrubbed by a zealous matron or washing-maid, or partly under dread of pains and penalties, partly under the vigilant eye of a washing-master, compelled to do a fair amount of washing on his own account, those days now to be marked with white chalk whereon by hook or by crook he manages to shirk the tub. But then follows a most glorious period of manumission from most distasteful slavery. For, entering a public school, where no one in particular has time or inclination to inquire into the petty minutiae of Boy's toilet, he is allowed to do or to do without his own washing.

"Rather inky," was the answer given to an anxious mother when she asked a family friend who had visited her boy at school how the dear child was looking, and I fear that the laconic inscription would hold good of a majority of the small fry.

Later on, it is true, except where the old Adam is very strong, dawning manhood bringing in its train the dawn of

self-respect, awakens Boy—or Manling as he has now become—to the fact that cleanliness is after all not merely a virtue required of him by others but a habit wholesome and comforting to himself. Probably, for we are prone to run into extremes, a period of foppiness follows before the final settling down into a decent, sober, and well-ordered toilet. Some few, shallow creatures for the most part, will remain dandies to the end of the chapter, and, *per contra*, even among great men are found those who regard the hours spent on personal adornment, or even personal ablutions, as so much time wasted.

My final indictment against Boy shall be that he, either of nature or of his artificial rearing, is the least self-supporting and the most helpless of the young animals. Contrast him with his favorite playmate, Dog, and the difference is at once apparent. Take a five-year-old boy, one, that is, whom we may suppose to have lived a full fifteenth part of his whole life, and put him side by side with a puppy of six months, which has lived, taking the average length of a dog's life as twelve years, a twenty-fourth part of his natural existence. Boy, unless he happens to be either a Freak or a Pantomime Baby, is in the way of earning his own livelihood an absolute non-entity, while Puppy, though he has by no means reached his full maturity, is perfectly capable of making his own way in the world and of performing up to a certain standard most duties that are expected of him. He will kill vermin—that is, guard the house or yard—and take tolerably good care of himself in a rough-and-tumble encounter with a fully developed animal of his own breed. In the very helplessness of Boy, however, lies his security and his strength; for in virtue of it not only does he appeal to the protective instinct of mankind, but other ani-

mals extend to him a far greater measure of tolerance and forbearance than they are by way of offering to his full-grown brother. A notoriously evil-tempered spaniel, ill-conditioned to a degree where adult men or women were concerned, used to allow itself to be dragged tail-first upstairs and downstairs by a child staying in the house, who ventured to take this appalling liberty on the strength of a very brief acquaintance.

I have finished my catalogue of Boy's shortcomings in the days of his infancy, and do not imagine that I have brought against him a single charge that is either new or that cannot be supported.

And now in common justice let me clear his character of one aspersion which is only too commonly thrown upon it. "Boys are such cruel little beasts!" exclaims the humanitarian when he sees little fingers busily engaged in the operation of pulling off the legs and wings of a common fly.

Boy is anything rather than this, nor do I believe that any young animal is either naturally or of deliberate intention cruel. Boy's callousness on the matter of inflicting pain on things that do not cry out when they are hurt comes of heedlessness, ignorance, and defective reasoning. His own impulse, when he feels pain, is to yell lustily, and he argues that a thing which does not yell aloud is not in pain. Apparently deep down in most men's hearts is the instinct of killing, but killing does not necessarily argue cruelty. We do not at once write down as cruel the man who goes out shooting or hunting or fishing, and yet he is woefully disappointed if he comes home at the end of his day's sport without having killed something. And it is probable that in the excitement of shooting and so forth he loses sight of the pain he is inflicting, just in the same way that Boy in search of amusement or of

pure heedlessness forgets—if he ever knew—that what is fun to him is torture and death to the creature he is persecuting.

In Boy's dealings with his familiar playmates, Puppy and Kitten, there is a good deal of give and take in the matter of causing temporary pain. If at one minute Boy is pulling the other animal's tail with unnecessary vigor, at another Puppy with his teeth or Puss with her claws will get well home, either out of pure devilry or in the momentary excitement of play.

For the benefit of the sceptic who refuses to believe in Boy's natural kindness of heart towards his fellow creatures, here is a true story to the point told me the other day of Master Johnnie—a very ordinary little mortal. Master Johnnie, then, in the course of his rambles round the home premises in the company of his nurse, had more than once come across a hen which was sitting upon her eggs. The creature's apparently lonely and forlorn condition aroused Johnnie's sympathy, and he enquired why it was that she never seemed to be running about and playing with the other hens.

"Oh, but she wouldn't hatch her eggs if she did," explained the nurse. "She

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has not been sitting for a week yet, and will have to stay there another fortnight."

"Why should she sit upon the eggs?"

"Because if some one did not sit upon them they would get cold, and then the chickens would die in their shells."

Another whole fortnight, and the poor thing had been there for a week already! The idea was altogether too much for Johnnie's peace of mind. He brooded over the matter, and evolved a plan of relief that would ensure to the poor ill-used thing a short rest from her labors and a little playtime in the course of the day. On the very next morning, escaping nurse's surveillance, he found his way out to the nest, carefully lifted off the sleepy but reluctant mother—and took her place on the top of the eggs!

Kindly hearted, then, and full of generous impulses I believe Boy in his natural state and apart from education to be. It remains to be shown how the remedy may be found by home-training for the innate weaknesses in his character, and how he may be prepared for the all-important plunge upon school-life, in which, be it remembered, he will be, or ought to be, nobody's boy in particular.

THE TRADITION OF ORATORY.

It is one of the conventions of the age to say that parliamentary oratory is a lost art. "What a drivelling House of Commons!" Who has not heard the exclamation, or something tantamount to it, as the grumbler flings down the morning paper in disdain after glancing at the report of the proceedings in Parliament. "The age of oratory is gone. There's not an orator in the present House of Commons. The great men of the past are

succeeded, as Edmund Burke would say, by 'sophisters, economists and calculators.'" So he goes on, growing positively rhetorical, "Oh, for the majestic eloquence of Pitt, the profound reasoning of Burke, the passion and fire of Fox, the brilliant imagery of Sheridan. How impressive, how thrilling, parliamentary debates must have been in the days of those masters of eloquence!"

The fame of Chatham and Pitt, Fox,

Burke, and Sheridan, as orators rests mainly upon contemporary opinion. The note of panegyric is indeed highly strung in these eulogiums. "Chatham's eloquence," said Henry Grattan, "resembled sometimes the thunder and sometimes the music of the spheres." We read also that "as a parliamentary orator Pitt had no superior." Burke called Fox, "the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw." Of Burke himself we are told that he "soared on the majestic wing of a gorgeous eloquence to every clime where there was a wrong to be redressed. Another piece of contemporary testimony is that, as an orator, Sheridan impressed the House of Commons more deeply than almost any predecessor. It would seem, indeed, as if each of these orators was superior to all the others, which reminds one of the saying attributed to an Irishman,—“Every man is as good as another, and twenty times better.” The contemporaries of these statesmen, whose opinions have come down to us, seem to have lost their senses (or at least, the sense of proportion) in appraising the nature and the effects of the oratory of the period. Contemporary opinion has little weight, if any, in literature and art. The books and pictures of the past are judged by each age independently, according to its own special standards of taste and criticism. But contemporary opinion of the parliamentary oratory of the end of the eighteenth century has been accepted as conclusive, and has been repeated from generation to generation, as a sort of pontifical judgment, without being put to the test of an examination of the speeches themselves.

Macaulay is responsible for much of the fame which the parliamentary orators of the end of the eighteenth century now enjoy. As a literary artist he dealt more in glowing periods than in cold and commonplace facts,

and in order to construct a striking and vivid picture improved upon even the exaggerations of tradition. How lavish he is with his colors, how prodigal of his inimitable phrases, on the subject of the voice of Chatham! "His voice, even when it sank to a whisper was heard to the remotest benches, and when he strained it to its full extent the sound rose like the swell of an organ of a great Cathedral, shook the House with its peal and was heard through the lobbies and down staircases to the Court of Requests and the precincts of Westminster Hall." How the imagination is fired, how the mind is impressed, with the might and majesty of the very look of the orator! "His play of countenance was wonderful," writes Macaulay; "he frequently disconcerted a hostile orator by a single glance of indignation and scorn." Contemporary accounts of the arrogance, impetuosity, and fierceness of the elder Pitt, are, indeed, incredible. Charles Butler in his *Reminiscences* tells some amazing stories, on contemporary authority, of the manner in which that orator overawed his opponents. Chief Justice Moreton once said in the House of Commons, "King, Lords, and Commons, or"—looking at the elder Pitt—"as that right honorable member would term them, Commons, Lords, and King." Pitt called the judge to order, and desired that his words be taken down, which was accordingly done by the clerk. "Bring them to me," said Pitt in his loftiest tone. By this time Moreton, we are told, was frightened out of his senses. "Sir," he stammered out, addressing the Speaker, "I am sorry to have given any offence to the right hon. member or to the House. I meant nothing. King, Lords, and Commons—Lords, King, and Commons—Commons, Lords, and King: *tria juncta in uno*. I meant nothing; indeed I meant nothing!" he piteously pleaded. The awe-inspiring and terrible Pitt

arose. "I don't wish to push the matter further," said he with unexpected magnanimity. "The moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honorable member; and as an instance of that regard I give him this advice:—whenever he *means* nothing I recommend him to *say* nothing."

Butler also relates that on another occasion Pitt, after finishing a great speech, walked out of the House at his usual slow pace. The House remained still and silent until Pitt opened the door leading to the lobby. Then a member got up and began: "I rise to reply to the honorable member . . ." Pitt turned back at once, and fixed his terrible eye on his opponent, who instantly sat down trembling and dumb. Then placing himself in his seat Pitt exclaimed, "Now let me hear what the honorable member has to say to me!" But the honorable member, intimidated no doubt by Pitt's "glance of indignation and scorn," was tongue-tied. Butler asked the person from whom he obtained this anecdote,—an eye-witness of the scene—If the House did not laugh at the ridiculous figure cut by the poor silence-stricken member. The reply was,—“No, Sir, we were all too amazed to laugh.” This is fiction, surely, though good fiction; yet Brougham tells a better story still in his *Statesmen of the Time of George III.* It is related, he says, that once in the House of Commons the elder Pitt began a speech with the words "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," and then, seeing a smile pervade the assembly, he paused, glared fiercely around, and with a loud voice rising in its notes and swelling into vehement anger, repeated the word *sugar* three times. "Having thus quelled the House," says Brougham, "and dispelled every appearance of levity or laughter he turned round and scornfully asked:—'Who will laugh at sugar now?' " It is, of course, impossible to

believe that so grotesque an incident ever happened. The elder Pitt, by all accounts, was a bit of a bully, and a consummate actor, up to all the tricks of oratory, but he had a sense of dignity and a sense of humor; and it is unlikely that he ever played the shrewish and foolish part ascribed to him in this anecdote. But even if he had shouted "Sugar! Sugar! Sugar!" in petulant tones and swept the House with a scowl, is it not more likely that members, whose risible faculties were so easily tickled that they laughed at his opening words, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker"—when there was little cause for merriment,—would have rolled about the benches under stress of their uncontrollable mirth? That undoubtedly is what would have happened in the present House of Commons; and human nature cannot have been so entirely different in the Parliament of George the Third.

They were great orators, undoubtedly, Chatham and Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan; but when their speeches are put to the test of reading it is singular how incomprehensible is the secret of their greatness and beauty and charm. Of course, in criticising the oratory of the past, we have only the printed word to go upon; and, also, of course, oratory is much more than the printed word. Only a part and perhaps a small part of the charm of oratory can be transmitted through the agency of print. It is well known, moreover, that parliamentary reporting in the eighteenth century was both meagre and inaccurate; and in fact it was not till 1803 that the systematic publication of the debates, still popularly known as Hansard's, was recognized by Parliament. It must be remembered, also, that printed reports, however accurate, are mutilated of the voices, the looks, and the gestures of the speakers, and of other aids, subtle and evanescent, to the influence of

the speeches. The elements which appeal to the ear and eye rather than to the mind are entirely absent. The reporter cannot put the personality of the orator into his record of the speech. The greatest speaker who has ever swayed a senate, or turned the tide of a debate, cannot be the same in print as he is in the full flood of his eloquence. Yet surely the reporter should have been able to preserve some of the magical qualities and powers of the orator, surely some of his "divine afflatus" should be conveyed in his words even in print? Turn to the speeches of Chatham and Pitt, of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, and where are the great thoughts, the profound arguments, the burning words, where the blasting invective, the withering sarcasm? Where are the lighter ornaments and graces of style, the sparkling wit, the elegant phrase, the pleasant rallery? To be sure there are passages which only the true orator could have uttered. But the impression left on the mind by the traditions of the period with respect to these "greatest orators of the English tongue," as they are generally regarded, is that they were perpetually at the boiling point of eloquence, and that they never spoke in the House of Commons without indulging in lofty and sustained outbursts of oratory. Yet as a matter of fact these five orators (judging them, be it remembered, by the printed page) would seem to have been more frequently commonplace than inspired. It is amazing that speeches so cold and spiritless could have produced the tremendous effects of which we read in contemporary records. I have gone through countless tedious pages in the hunt for the burning lava stream of Chatham's indignation, for the stately and sonorous language of Pitt, for the oriental imagination, the boundless vocabulary, the plastic, ductile style of Burke, for the passionate, impetuous and resistless

eloquence of Fox, for the wit and rallery of Sheridan, but have found in this mass of words, words, words, little of the real ore of oratory to reward my labors. Seen through the glamor of tradition, these men appear to our eyes as mighty oratorical giants. But what did Burke say of his contemporaries in the House of Commons as one night he glanced, weary-eyed, around the benches? "We live," said he, "in an age of dwarfs." Burke's outlook on things may have been unusually gloomy and desponding that night; yet it is hard to find proof that he was altogether mistaken.

Burke, himself, according to contemporary opinion, was a most tedious speaker—the dinner-bell of the House of Commons, as some wit christened him. He had no graces of manner; his gestures were awkward; his severe countenance rarely relaxed into a smile; his voice was harsh when calm, and hoarse when excited. There have been orators who concealed their physical defects of appearance or manner by the energy and passion they imparted to their delivery, but Burke, if we are to believe his contemporaries, was always stolid and wearisome. It is possible, however, that the disparagement of Burke may have been weakened, like the glorification of Chatham, Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan, by over emphasis and exaggeration. Rush, the American Minister, in his *Residence at the Court of London* relates that he once asked Erskine what he thought of Burke's delivery. "It was execrable," replied that masterly forensic orator. "I was in the House of Commons when he made his great speech on American Conciliation—the greatest he ever made. I wanted to go out with the rest, but was near him and afraid to get up, so I squeezed myself down and curled under the benches like a dog until I got to the door without his seeing me, rejoicing over my escape."

It is a pity to spoil a good story, but as a matter of fact the speech was delivered in 1775, and Erskine did not enter the House of Commons until 1783. That Burke's style of speaking was dull and ineffective is, no doubt, true; and for that reason, probably, the inarticulate country squires in the House, who had not wit enough to see the powerful philosophic mind displayed even in these dreary speeches, regarded him as a dull dog. One night in 1784 (according to a story which, as it may be exaggerated like the others, I quote for what it is worth) Burke rose to speak with a bundle of papers in his hands. "I hope," said a country member despairingly, "the hon. gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers and bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Burke was so irritated that he walked out of the House. "Never before," said George Selwyn who tells the story, "did I see the fable realized—a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass!"

Yet Burke was paid a singular compliment on the immediate effect of one of his speeches. Reading a debate on the war in America on February 6th, 1778, which was initiated by Burke (the galleries having been cleared of strangers for the occasion), I came across the following remarkable statement:—"Governor Johnstone said he was glad strangers were excluded during the debate, as if they had been admitted the speech of the hon. gentleman would have excited them to tear the Minister to pieces as they went out of the House." The motion moved by Burke condemned the employment of Indians against the insurgents in America. For three hours and a half Burke dwelt in lurid phrases on the horrors which were likely to ensue from the employment in civilized warfare of savages who scalped and tortured their victims. But the en-

comium of Governor Johnstone was perhaps somewhat discounted by the characteristically airy retort of the Prime Minister, Lord North. "I also am glad that no strangers were admitted to-day," said he. "And why? Lest they should be worked up into indignation and horror against gentlemen on the other side of the House for declaring sentiments so contrary to those which the honor and dignity of the country demand."

The greatest of Burke's speeches is generally considered to have been the one on Conciliation with America. The report of the speech supplied by Burke himself runs to as many as thirty-two pages. It contains over thirty thousand words, and would fill fifteen columns of *The Times*. It, therefore, could not have been delivered under less than five hours. It is curious, by the way, how long-winded all these great orators were. The elder Pitt was the first to indulge in long speeches in the House of Commons. After he had delivered one of these famous orations he was hailed by crowds outside the House with enthusiastic cries of—"Three hours and a half! Three hours and a half!" "Just as if a man can talk sense for three hours and a half," remarked the cynical Chesterfield who happened to pass by. Surely no orator could have held the attention of his audience for five hours—not even Bacon of whom as a Parliamentary orator Jonson said—"The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end." Oh, rare Ben Jonson, what a flattering tongue thou must have had! Rush states that Erskine concluded his story about crawling under the benches of the House of Commons to escape from the tedious and tiresome Burke, urging the Government to make peace with the American Colonies, by saying, "Next day I went to the Isle of Wight. When the speech followed me there I read

it over and over again. I could hardly think of anything else. I carried it about me and thumbed it until it got like wadding for my gun." The speech, whether it was ill spoken or well spoken, has become incorporated in our literature. In truth Burke spoke, not for the House of Commons of his day, but for all time. If he could not approach Chatham or Pitt or Fox or Sheridan in stirring the emotions of his audience, how greatly he transcends them all,—when perused in the study,—in force and thought and intensity and reasoning—in all the qualities conveyed by the word intellect! Still even Burke cannot be read without a certain sense of disenchantment. "He clothed wisdom and philosophy," I read in an essay on Burke, "in the gorgeous language of our oriental imagination." There are the philosophy and wisdom, certainly; but the language is often tame and commonplace. There is no distinction in many of the sentences. But the chief fault of all his speeches is that they are too long, too diffuse, too elaborate, and are unrelieved by a sparkle of real humor or a tear of true pathos.

Burke's speeches are read as a part of English literature. Who, outside students of political history, reads Pitt's speeches in the four volumes, published in 1806, or in the more seductive pages of *Hansard*? Pitt was a great statesman. Of that most people are convinced. But his fame as a great orator rests more upon a few brilliant sentences from the pen of Macaulay than upon his own speeches. "He could pour forth," says Macaulay, "a long succession of round and stately periods without premeditation, without ever pausing for a word, without ever repeating a word, in a voice of silver clearness, and with a pronunciation so articulate that not a letter was slurred over." Then this great master of language proceeds by opposition, by com-

parison, to exalt Pitt above his contemporaries.

He had less amplitude of mind and less richness of imagination than Burke, less ingenuity than Windham, less wit than Sheridan, less perfect mastery of dialectical fence, and less of that highest sort of eloquence which consists of reason and passion fused together, than Fox. Yet the almost unanimous judgment of those who were in the habit of listening to that remarkable race of men placed Pitt, as a speaker, above Burke, above Windham, above Sheridan, and not below Fox. His declamation was copious, polished and splendid. In power of sarcasm he was probably not surpassed by any speaker ancient or modern, and of this formidable weapon he made merciless use.

Surely it is impossible for anyone who has not read Pitt's speeches to resist the convincing force of this splendid estimate of Pitt as an orator. So are reputations in oratory made. Macaulay (who, though he had never heard Pitt speak, had talked with many men who had) writes of his "voice of silver clearness." Samuel Rogers (who had often heard him, but who, it must be remembered, never said a good word of a man if he could find a bad one) said that "Pitt's voice sounded as though he had worsted in his mouth." On which side does the truth lie? May we not therefore feel a little sceptical as to the supreme qualities of Pitt's other oratorical accomplishments? I will quote one specimen of Pitt's eloquence, and I will take it from perhaps the most elaborate and important speech which even he ever delivered in the House of Commons, that on the refusal to negotiate with France, on February 3rd, 1800. Napoleon on his inauguration as First Consul of France, December 25th, 1799, wrote personally to George the Third proposing negotiations to bring to an end the long strife between Eng-

land and France. The overture was rejected by His Majesty's Government, and upon Pitt, as Prime Minister, fell the task of vindicating this policy. I give the peroration of the speech which is, I think, a good sample of Pitt at his best, illustrating his command of language and its lucidity; but which is most remarkable in that it consists of one sentence. After dwelling upon the ever increasing population, commerce and wealth of England, he proceeded:

If we compare this view of our situation with everything we can observe of the state and condition of our enemy—if we can trace him laboring under equal difficulty in finding men to recruit his army, or money to pay it—if we know that in the course of the last year the most rigorous efforts of military conscription were scarcely sufficient to replace in the French armies, at the end of the campaign, the numbers which they had lost in the course of it—if we have seen that that force, then in possession of advantages which it has since lost, was unable to contend with the efforts of the combined armies—if we know that, even while supported by the plunder of all the countries which they had over-run those armies were reduced, by the confession of their commanders, to the extremity of distress and destitute not only of the principal articles of military supply, but almost of the necessaries of life—if we see them now driven back within their own frontiers, and confined within a country whose own resources have long since been proclaimed by their successive Governments to be unequal either to paying or maintaining them—if we observe that since the last revolution not one substantial or effectual measure has been adopted to remedy the intolerable disorder of their finances, and to supply the deficiency of their credit and resources—if we see through large and populous districts of France, either open war levied against the present usurpation, or evident marks of disunion or distraction, which the first occasion may call forth into a flame—if I say, Sir, this comparison be just

I feel myself authorized to conclude from it, not that we are entitled to consider ourselves certain of ultimate success, not that we are to suppose ourselves exempted from the unforeseen vicissitudes of war; but considering the value of the object for which we are contending, the means for supporting the contest, and the probable course of human events, we should be inexcusable, if at this moment we were to relinquish the struggle on any grounds short of entire and complete security, that from perseverance in our efforts under such circumstances we have the fairest reason to expect the full attainment of our object, but that at all events, even if we are disappointed in our more sanguine hopes, we are more likely to gain than to lose by the continuation of the contest; that every month to which it is continued, even if it should not in its effects lead to the final destruction of the Jacobin system, must tend so far to weaken and exhaust it, as to give us at least a greater comparative security in any termination of the war; that, on all these grounds, this is not the moment at which it is consistent with our interest or our duty to listen to any proposals of negotiation with the present ruler of France; but that we are not, therefore, pledged to any unalterable determination as to our future conduct; that in this we must be regulated by the course of events; and that it will be the duty of his Majesty's Ministers from time to time to adapt their measures to any variation of circumstances, to consider how far the effects of the military operations of the allies or of the internal disposition of France correspond with our present expectations; and, on a view of the whole to compare the difficulties of risks which may arise in the prosecution of the contest with the prospect of ultimate success, or of the degree of advantage to be derived from its farther continuance, and to be governed by the result of all these considerations in the opinion and advice which they may offer to their Sovereign.

What a sentence! It recalls what Grattan said of Fox—"Every sentence

came rolling like a wave of the Atlantic three thousand miles long." Richard Porson also said that, while Pitt carefully considered his sentences before he uttered them, Fox threw himself into the middle of them and left it to God Almighty to get him out again. On the contrary, Fox's sentences, in his reported speeches, are brief and pithy.

"He darted fire into his audience," says Sir James Mackintosh of Fox, in the customary strain of hyperbole. "Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and convictions." Such is the contemporary estimate of Fox; he was a master of the soul-stirring eloquence of passion. There is a story told of Charles Shaw Lefevre, who was Speaker of the House of Commons in the middle of the nineteenth century, that when a small boy he was taken to the House, and after listening for a while to the shrill voice of the excited Fox, cried out, "What is that fat gentleman in such a passion about?" As I go through the cold pages of his speeches I marvel that Fox could have been,—as some of his contemporaries represent him—so fiery and so vehement about nothing. He is reported to have said that if a speech read well it was "a damned bad speech." A ridiculous judgment, surely; but measured by that standard all Fox's oratorical efforts must have been splendid successes. They read badly. Here is no stormy eloquence. Here is plenty of common sense in plain, unadorned language. The lighter passages are the best. Macaulay and Mackintosh in their estimates of the eloquence of Fox dwell solely on his passion; but Pitt and Canning describe him as the wittiest speaker of his time. Some notion of his quality as a wit,—such as it is—may be obtained from an extract from his speech in the House of Commons, on May 24th, 1803, against the

renewal of the war with France. Referring in a vein of badinage to the interchange of abuse by the newspapers of France and England he said:

This species of warfare, if not the most glorious, is undoubtedly the safest. In the first of poems by the first of poets it was recommended to two combatants just preparing to engage in battle; and the poet, who is no less a man than Homer, puts his advice into the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom herself. "Put up your swords," she says, "and then abuse each other as long as you please." Such was the advice which I gave in this House to both countries long ago. Would to God it had been followed! for contemptible as abuse may be it most certainly is a lesser calamity than war. Such a species of war is one in which neither party is likely to experience any failure of ammunition. This seems to have been regularly imported, and in sufficient quantities from both countries. The Chief Consul complains that during a certain period every packet-boat that passed from Dover to Calais brought over a cargo of libels. Now this may appear a curious manner of freighting vessels, but it is singular enough that the glorious poet which I have already quoted should have imagined the very same thing, for in another part of the *Iliad*, upon a similar occasion he says—"As to abuse, you may have a ship-load of it, if you please." We may conclude, therefore, that the exportation of libels from one country to another is a very ancient practice, and that Homer spoke literally and not figuratively, unless we can suppose him to have had the gift of prescience as to the contents of the packet-boats which crossed during last summer from Dover to Calais.

The extravagant eulogies with respect to Chatham, Pitt, Burke and Fox which I have quoted, pale their ineffectual fires before the outbursts of ecstatic laudations of Sheridan by his contemporaries. His most celebrated speech was delivered in the House of

Commons, on February 7th, 1787, in support of the impeachment of Warren Hastings on the ground of his cruel ill-usage of the Begum princesses of Oude. Only a meagre and spiritless report of this five and a half hours' speech exists; but according to the universal opinion of the period, it was the most dazzling and powerful feat of oratory in modern times. The most famous of the parliamentarians of the day vied with each other in praising it. Burke declared, "It was the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument and wit united, of which there is any record or tradition." Said Fox, "All that I ever heard, all that I ever read, when compared with it, dwindles into nothing and vanishes like vapor before the sun." Pitt maintained that, "It surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind." This fact is unquestionable, that the House deemed it necessary to adjourn after the speech, in order to give the assembly time "to collect its reason" and recover from the dazzling oratorical spell which had been cast upon it. "In the state of mind in which the hon. gentleman's speech has left me," said Sir. William Dolden, moving the adjournment, "it is impossible for me to give a determinate opinion." "Nothing, indeed, but information almost equal to a miracle, should determine me to vote for the charge," said Mr. Stanhope, in seconding the motion; "but I have just felt the influence of such a miracle, and I cannot but ardently desire to avoid an immediate decision." But an even more extraordinary story of the marvellous effect of the speech remains to be told. Logan, who wrote what is described as a masterly defence of Hastings, was present in the House. After Sheridan had spoken for an hour he said to a friend, "All this is de-

clamatory assertion without proof." Another hour passed and he muttered, "This is a most wonderful oration." At the close of the third hour he confessed, "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably." At the end of the fourth he exclaimed, "Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal." At last, before the speech was concluded he vehemently protested, "Of all monsters of iniquity the most enormous is Warren Hastings." A delightful anecdote, but—is it credible?

Sheridan, who, it was well known, prepared all his speeches most carefully, was frequently urged to furnish a report of this most amazing oration; but though offered £1,000 for it, he declined. "Nor, in doing thus, did he act perhaps unwisely for his fame," comments Moore, coldly enough, in his *Memoirs of Sheridan*; while he declares elsewhere that he had read a shorthand writer's report of the speech and found it "trashy bombast." I can well believe it. The claptrap, the florid rhetoric, of much of Sheridan's oratory is amazing. No one could indulge more sublimely in the ridiculous than he.

I do not contend that Chatham, and Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan were not orators. Speeches are intended to influence the immediate audience to whom they are addressed; and they are to be judged by their success or failure in achieving that end. These men attained to great eminence in Parliament, and it must be assumed that in reaching it they were aided principally by their mastery of the spoken word, by the influence they exercised as orators over the Assembly. But I do say that their qualities have been exaggerated. They were great orators, no doubt, but it is impossible that they could have been the mighty titanic beings—demigods, almost, such is the sublimity and majesty of their oratorical powers—which are presented to us in the anecdotes told of them by their

contemporaries. Yet these myths have been accepted as true by generation after generation with the result that as effects of a similarly stupendous character are not obtained by latter-day orators it is supposed that Parliamentary eloquence has declined. Lord Salisbury speaking in the House of Lords, March 28th, 1889, on the death of John Bright said: "He was the greatest master of English oratory that this generation—I may, perhaps, say, several generations back—have produced. I have met men who have heard Pitt and Fox, and in whose judgment their eloquence at its best was inferior to the finest efforts of John Bright." I never heard Bright speak in the House of Commons but I have read his speeches; and to me they seem to be more aglow with the fire of the orator than the speeches of the great five. The charm of Bright is not, surely, that he comes nearer to our own time, or that he dealt with topics of yesterday and to-day,—topics of living interest. What greater issues could inspire an orator than those which came within the purview of the others? The war of American independence; the impeachment of Warren Hastings; the French Revolution; the struggle with Napoleon; the union with Ireland; the abolition of the slave trade; the emancipation of the Roman Catholics. Time can never rob these topics of their interest. What scope was there in the eternal truths or the eternal errors of these mighty causes for the display of the art of the orator!

A reputation for oratory in Parliament is not earned so easily to-day as it was then. A hundred years ago members were more content to sit and listen in the House of Commons than to stand up and talk themselves. Indeed, why should they have troubled themselves about taking part in the debates? Most of them lacked the gift of the ready tongue. The incentive of

ambition to induce them to try to acquire it was wanting. Statesmanship was not an open profession. Exalted birth rather than native ability being then the passport to political advancement, leadership of the first rank and high ministerial office were restricted in both parties to the scions of a few aristocratic families. Nor was the spur of necessity applied to members to keep themselves prominently before the eyes of the constituencies with a view to retaining their seats, for to the mass of the electors the proceedings in Parliament were then enshrouded in almost impenetrable mystery. The speaking was, therefore, confined to the leaders of the two parties, and to a few members of strong character and independent thought on the back benches. As to the great inarticulate majority of the representatives, to vote straight on party lines was their simple conception of their Parliamentary duty.

Look at *Hansard*. The record of the proceedings of Parliament in 1802 did not extend beyond one volume. In 1852 it filled four volumes. The ordinary session of 1902 (apart from the autumn sittings) produced as many as eleven volumes. This steady increase in the proportions of the sessional record of Parliament is, of course, due in some measure to the growth of the business of the nation, domestic and imperial. But it is due mainly to the fact that speaking, instead of being left to the comparatively few as formerly, has become general. This remarkable change in the state of things has been produced by two momentous developments in our Parliamentary system—the establishment of the reporters' gallery, and the throwing open of leadership and office to ability. Parliament transacts its business now under a glass shade, as it were, in the full view of the nation; and even members, disposed by temperament and inclination

to adopt the example of their predecessors and sit silent and vote, are compelled, with the watchful and censorious eyes of the constituencies upon them, to take an active part in the proceedings; while the desire for fame and position prompt the young, the energetic, the ambitious, to seize upon the flimsiest excuses for making speeches.

Undoubtedly, the impression generally conveyed by the torrent of the spoken word in Parliament which surges unceasingly session after session is that the quality of oratory has declined. But the impression is really deceptive. Members who practice the art of debate in Parliament indifferently have, for the reasons I have stated, multiplied. There is consequently a good deal of monotonous and wearisome talk; but take any great debate in our own time, any important debate within the past few years,—on the South African war, for instance, or on the Education Bill—and I venture to assert that it will not suffer in comparison with any of the classic debates of a century ago. The fallacy that parliamentary oratory is a lost art may be traced also to the mistaken belief that a hundred years ago every debate in the House of Commons was mighty in its transports and its thrills. The House of Commons a century ago as to-day was often dull; and to-day as a century ago it has its hours of rapture. These are the hours when questions which appeal to the passions are being debated. But most of the subjects which occupy the attention of Parliament are of a business character, very important in their way but calling for plain, unadorned exposition, rather than for the burning words of the orator. Not even Chatham and Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan would, even if they could, invest such subjects with the glamor of eloquence. In truth it is not that oratory is dead,

but that the form and style of the art have in recent times completely changed. The old instrument is out of tune. The "lofty style of oratory," as the forced conceits, the artificial similes, the fantastic imagery, the pompous phraseology and the tawdry rhetorical tricks of the eighteenth century have been called, would be entirely alien and spurious to the altered taste of the present generation. Anyone who attempted to indulge in the old traditional oratory in the House of Commons to-day would be received with uproarious laughter and overwhelmed with derision. For one thing, the simple note of sincerity which to-day appeals directly to an audience was wanting in the banal and windy rhetoric of the grand style. Its artificial flowers of speech have been replaced in our time by common sense and argument. There is to be sure a good deal of insincerity even in Parliament to-day. Under the party system our representatives, as a rule, dare not give expression to the pure unadulterated thought that is in them; they must needs make a compromise between their honest convictions and their loyalty to party or their desire to retain their seats. Still there is more simplicity, more directness, more sympathy, and a greater grip on the reality of things in speeches to-day than in speeches a century ago.

Sir Robert Peel in his eulogy of Richard Cobden on the passing of the measures for the repeal of the corn laws, referred to the eloquence of the leader of the anti-corn law movement as "eloquence the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned." That is the standard by which parliamentary oratory is now judged, and according to that standard there are in the House of Commons to-day as many masters of the magic of utterance as it possessed at any period of its history. But, neverthe-

less, the curious fact remains that oratory is still associated, in the popular mind, with a lofty, inflated, grandiose style of speaking, though, as everybody who has studied the subject knows, the great classical orators, Chatham, Pitt, Burke and Fox (excluding Sheridan perhaps,) and in later times, Canning, Peel, Cobden, Bright and Gladstone, were never insipid and artificial, always making a sincere, direct, and, withal, simple appeal to their audience. It is only by accepting gaudy and tinsel speech as the real art of oratory that it can truly be said that to-day there is not a single orator of high rank in either House of Parliament. In truth, parliamentary speech-making never stood higher than it stands to-day for earnest thinking, for logical reasoning, for honest conviction, for seriousness of purpose; and these, after all, are the qualities of genuine oratory.

The highest triumphs of oratory have been produced in all countries and at all periods during times of public excitement, turmoil, and revolution. For a powerful speech a great subject or a great occasion is absolutely essential. When the opportunity arises the orator will not be wanting. All the

mighty political questions of the last century,—the contest with Napoleon, Roman Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, the repeal of the corn laws, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the Irish land laws, Home Rule, the South African war—questions which excited passion as well as reason, often transformed stammering, feeble speakers into inspired masters of language. Genuine eloquence is impossible without great convictions; and it is ridiculous to expect thrilling flights of eloquence—the stirring appeals which warm the heart, while convincing the judgment—so long as the public questions of the hour are comparatively petty and trivial, dealing with things evanescent, exciting only doubt, hesitation or indifference in men's minds. But if this country is ever again disturbed by a mighty political issue which arouses the abiding, elemental forces of human nature, or passes through a perilous ordeal on the happy issue of which her very existence depends, orators as passionate, as persuasive, and as convincing as the greatest of whom tradition speaks, will be heard again thundering, appealing, and denouncing in our Houses of Parliament.

Macmillan's Magazine

Michael MacDonagh.

THE ROAD FROM COLONUS.

I.

For no very intelligible reason, Mr. Lucas had hurried ahead of his party. He was perhaps reaching the age at which independence becomes valuable, because it is so soon to be lost. Tired of attention and consideration, he liked breaking away from the younger members, to ride by himself and to dismount unassisted. Perhaps he also relished that more subtle pleasure of

being kept waiting for lunch, and of telling the others on their arrival that it was of no consequence.

So, with childish impatience, he battered the animal's sides with his heels, and made the muleteer bang it with a thick stick and prick it with a sharp one, and jolted down the hill sides through clumps of flowering shrubs and stretches of anemones and asphodel, till he heard the sound of running water, and came in sight of

the group of plane trees where they were to have their meal.

Even in England those trees would have been remarkable, so huge were they, so interlaced, so magnificently clothed in quivering green. And here in Greece they were unique, the one cool spot in that hard brilliant landscape, already scorched by the heat of an April sun. In their midst was hidden a tiny Khan or country inn, a frail mud building with a broad wooden balcony, in which sat an old woman spinning, while a small brown pig, eating orange peel, stood beside her. On the wet earth below squatted two children, playing some primæval game with their fingers; and their mother, none too clean either, was messing with some rice inside. As Mrs. Forman would have said: "it was all very Greek;" and the fastidious Mr. Lucas felt thankful that they were bringing their own food with them, and should eat it in the open air.

Still, he was glad to be there—the muleteer had helped him off—and glad that Mrs. Forman was not there to forestall his opinions—glad even that he should not see Ethel for quite half an hour. Ethel was his youngest daughter, still unmarried. She was unselfish and affectionate, and it was generally understood that she was to devote her life to her father, and be the comfort of his old age. Mrs. Forman always referred to her as Antigone; and Mr. Lucas tried to settle down to the rôle of Oedipus, which seemed the only one that public opinion allowed him.

He had this in common with Oedipus, that he was growing old. Even to himself it had become obvious. He had lost interest in other people's affairs, and seldom attended when they spoke to him. He was fond of talking himself, but often forgot what he was going to say; and, even when he succeeded, it seldom seemed worth the ef-

fort. His phrases and gestures had become stiff and set; his anecdotes, once so successful, fell flat; his silence was as meaningless as his speech. Yet he had led a healthy, active life, had worked steadily, made money, educated his children. There was nothing and no one to blame: he was simply growing old.

At the present moment, here he was in Greece; and one of the dreams of his life was realized. Forty years ago he had caught the fever of Hellenism, and all his life he had felt that, could he but visit that land, he would not have lived in vain. But Athens had been dusty, Delphi wet, Thermopylae flat; and he had listened with amazement and cynicism to the rapturous exclamations of his companions. Greece was like England: it was a man who was growing old, and it made no difference whether that man looked at the Thames or the Eurotas. It was his last hope of contradicting that logic of experience, and it was failing.

Yet Greece had done something for him, though he did not realize it. It had made him discontented; and there are stirrings of life in discontent. He knew that he was not the victim of continual ill-luck. Something great was wrong; and he was pitted against no mediocre or accidental enemy. For the last month a strange desire had possessed him to die fighting.

"Greece is the land for young people," he said to himself as he stood under the plane trees, "but I will enter into it, I will possess it. Leaves shall be green again, water shall be sweet, the sky shall be blue. They were so forty years ago, and I will win them back. I do mind being old, and I will pretend no longer."

He took two steps forward, and immediately cold waters were gurgling over his ankle.

"Where does the water come from?" he asked himself. "I do not even know

that." He remembered that all the hill sides were dry; yet here the road was suddenly covered with flowing streams.

He stopped still in amazement, saying: "Water out of a tree—out of a hollow tree. I never saw nor thought of that before."

For the enormous plane that leant towards the Khan was hollow—it had been burnt out for charcoal—and from its living trunk there gushed an impetuous spring, coating the bark with fern and moss, and flowing over the mule track to create fertile meadows below. The simple country folk had paid to beauty and mystery such tribute as they could, for in the rind of the tree a shrine was cut, holding a lamp and a little picture of the Virgin, inheritor of the Naiad's and Dryad's joint abode.

"I never saw anything so marvellous before," said Mr. Lucas. "I could even step inside the trunk and see where the water comes from."

For a moment he hesitated to violate the shrine. Then he remembered with a smile his own thought—"the place shall be mine: I will enter it and possess it" and leapt almost aggressively on to a stone within.

The water pressed up steadily and noiselessly from the hollow roots and hidden crevices of the plane, forming a wonderful amber pool ere it spilt over the lip of bark on to the earth outside. Mr. Lucas tasted it, and it was sweet; and when he looked up the black funnel of the trunk he saw the sky which was blue, and some leaves which were green; and he remembered, without smiling, another of his thoughts.

Others had been there before him—indeed he had a curious sense of companionship. Little votive offerings to the presiding Power were fastened on to the bark—tiny arms and legs and eyes in tin, grotesque models of the brain or the heart—all tokens of some recovery of strength, or wisdom, or

love. There was no such thing as the solitude of nature, for the sorrows and joys of humanity had pressed even into the bosom of a tree. He spread out his arms and steadied himself against the soft charred wood, and then slowly leant back, till his body was resting on the trunk behind. His eyes closed, and he had the strange feeling of one who is moving, yet at peace—the feeling of the swimmer who, after long struggling with chopping seas, finds that, after all, the tide will sweep him to his goal.

So he lay motionless, conscious only of the stream below his feet, and that all things were a stream in which he was moving.

He was aroused at last by a shock—the shock of an arrival, perhaps; for, when he opened his eyes, something unimagined, indefinable, had passed over all things, and made them intelligible and good.

There was meaning in the stoop of the old woman over her work, and in the quick motions of the little pig, and in her diminishing globe of wool. A young man came singing over the streams on a mule; and there was beauty in his pose and sincerity in his greeting. The sun made no accidental patterns upon the spreading roots of the trees; and there was intention in the nodding clumps of asphodel and in the music of the water. To Mr. Lucas, who, in a brief space of time, had discovered, not only Greece, but England and all the world and life, there seemed nothing ludicrous in the desire to hang within the tree another votive offering, a little model of an entire man.

"Why, here's papa—playing at being Merlin!"

All unnoticed they had arrived—Ethel, Mrs. Forman, Mr. Graham, and the English-speaking dragoman. Mr. Lucas peered out at them suspiciously. They had suddenly become unfamiliar;

and all they did seemed strained and coarse.

"Allow me to give you a hand," said Mr. Graham, a young man who was always polite to his elders.

Mr. Lucas felt annoyed. "Thank you, I can manage perfectly well by myself," he replied. His foot slipped as he stepped out of the tree, and went into the spring.

"Oh papa, my papa!" said Ethel, "what are you doing! Thank goodness I have got a change for you on the mule."

She tended him carefully, giving him clean socks and dry boots, and then sat him down on the rug beside the lunch basket, whilst she went with the others to explore the grove.

They came back in ecstasies, in which Mr. Lucas tried to join. But he found them intolerable. Their enthusiasm was superficial, commonplace, and spasmodic. They had no perception of the coherent beauty which was flowering around them. He tried at least to explain his feelings, and what he said was:

"I am altogether pleased with the appearance of this place. It impresses me very favorably. The trees are fine, remarkably fine for Greece, and there is something very poetic in the spring of clear running water. The people too seem kindly and civil. It is decidedly an attractive place."

Such is the form in which a revelation is announced to the world. Mrs. Forman upbraided him for his tepid praise.

"Oh, it is a place in a thousand!" she cried. "I could live and die here! I really would stop if I had not to be back at Athens! It reminds me of the Colonus of Sophocles."

"Well, I must stop," said Ethel. "I positively must."

"Yes, do! You and your father!—Antigone and Oedipus. Of course you must stop at Colonus!"

Mr. Lucas was almost breathless with excitement. When he stood within the tree, he had believed that his happiness would be independent of locality. But these few minutes' conversation had undeceived him. He no longer trusted himself to journey through the world; for old thoughts, old wearinesses might be waiting to rejoin him as soon as he left the shade of the planes and the music of the virgin water. To sleep in the Khan with the gracious, kind-eyed country people, to watch the bats flit about within the globe of shade, and see the moon turn the golden patterns into silver—one such night would place him beyond relapse, and confirm him for ever in the kingdom he had regained. But all his lips could say was: "I should be willing to put in a night here."

"You mean a week, papa! It would be sacrilege to put in less."

"A week, then, a week," said his lips, irritated at being corrected, while his heart was leaping with joy. All through lunch he spoke and listened to them no more, but watched the place he should know so well, and the people who would so soon be his companions and friends. The inmates of the Khan only consisted of an old woman, a middle-aged woman, a young man, and two children, and to none of them had he spoken; yet he loved them as he loved everything that moved or breathed or existed beneath the benedictory shade of the planes.

"*En route!*" said the shrill voice of Mrs. Forman. "Ethel! Mr. Graham! The best of things must end."

"To-night," thought Mr. Lucas, "they will light the little lamp by the shrine. And when we all sit together on the balcony, perhaps they will tell me which offerings they put up."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lucas," said Graham, "but they want to fold up the rug you are sitting on."

Mr. Lucas got up, saying to himself: "Ethel shall go to bed first, and then I will try and tell them about my offering too—for it is a thing I must do. I can hardly speak to them; but I think they will understand if I am left with them alone."

Ethel touched him on the cheek. "Papa! I've called you three times. All the mules are here."

"Mules? What mules?"

"Our mules. We're all waiting. Oh, Mr. Graham, do help him on."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Ethel."

"My dearest papa, we must start. You know we have to get to Olympia to-night."

Mr. Lucas in pompous confident tones replied: "I always did wish, Ethel, that you had a better head for plans. You know perfectly well that we are putting in a week here. It is your own suggestion."

Ethel was startled into impoliteness. "What a perfectly ridiculous idea. You must have known I was joking. Of course I meant I wished we could."

"Ah! if we only could do what we wished!" sighed Mrs. Forman, already seated on her mule.

"Surely," Ethel continued in calmer tones, "you didn't think I meant it."

"Most certainly I did. I have made all my plans on the supposition that we are stopping here, and it will be extremely inconvenient, indeed, impossible, for me to start."

He delivered this remark with an air of great conviction; and Mrs. Forman and Mr. Graham had to turn away to hide their smiles.

"I am sorry I spoke so carelessly; it was wrong of me. But, you know, we can't break up our party; and even one night here would make us miss the boat at Patras."

Mrs. Forman, in an aside, called Mr. Graham's attention to the excellent

way in which Ethel managed her father.

"I don't mind about the Patras boat. You said we should stop here, and we are stopping."

It seemed as if the inhabitants of the Khan had divined in some mysterious way that the altercation touched them. The old woman stopped her spinning, while the young man and the two children stood behind Mr. Lucas, as if supporting him.

Neither arguments nor entreaties could move him. He said little, but he was absolutely determined, because, for the first time, he saw his daily life aright. What need had he to return to England? Who would miss him? His friends were dead or cold. Ethel loved him in a way, but, as was right, she had other interests. His other children he seldom saw. He had only one other relative, his sister Julia, whom he both feared and hated. It was no effort to struggle. He would be a fool as well as a coward if he stirred from the place which brought him happiness and peace.

At last Ethel, to humor him, and not disinclined to air her modern Greek, went into the Khan with the astonished dragoman to look at the rooms. The woman inside received them with loud welcomes; and the young man, when no one was looking, began to lead Mr. Lucas' mule to the stable.

"Drop it, you young brigand!" shouted Graham, who always declared that anyone could understand English if he chose. He was perfectly right, for the man stopped, and they all stood waiting for Ethel's return.

She emerged at last, with close-gathered skirts, followed by the dragoman bearing the little pig, which he had bought at a bargain.

"My dear papa, I will do all I can for you, but stop in that Khan—no."

"Are there—fleas?" asked Mrs. Forman.

Ethel intimated that "fleas" was not the word.

"Well, I am afraid that settles it," said Mrs. Forman. "I know how particular Mr. Lucas is."

"It does not settle it," said Mr. Lucas. "Ethel, you go on. I do not want you. I don't know why I ever consulted you. I shall stop here alone."

"That is absolute nonsense," said Ethel losing her temper. "How can you be left alone at your age? How would you get your meals or your bath? All your letters are waiting at Patras. You'll miss the boat. That means missing the London operas, and upsetting all your engagements for the month. And as if you could travel by yourself!"

"They might knife you," was Mr. Graham's contribution.

The Greeks said nothing; but, whenever Mr. Lucas looked their way, they beckoned him towards the Khan. The children would have even drawn him by the coat; and the old woman on the balcony stopped her almost completed spinning, and fixed him with mysterious appealing eyes. As he fought, the issue assumed gigantic proportions; and he believed that he was not merely stopping because he had regained youth, or seen beauty, or found happiness, but because in that place and with those people a supreme event was awaiting him, which would transfigure the face of the world. The moment was so tremendous, that he abandoned words and arguments as useless, and rested on the strength of his mighty unrevealed allies: silent men, murmuring water, and whispering trees. For the whole place called with one voice, articulate to him; and his garrulous opponents became every minute more meaningless and absurd. Soon they would be tired and go chattering away into the sun, leaving him to the cool grove and the moonlit night and the destiny he foresaw.

Mrs. Forman and the dragoman had indeed already started, amid the piercing screams of the little pig; and the struggle might have gone on indefinitely, if Ethel had not called in Mr. Graham.

"Can you help me?" she whispered. "He is absolutely unmanageable."

"I'm no hand at arguing—but if I could help you in any other way,"—and he looked down complacently at his well-made figure.

Ethel hesitated. Then she said: "Help me in any way you can. After all, it is for his good that we do it."

"Then have his mule led up behind him."

So when Mr. Lucas thought he had gained the day he suddenly felt himself lifted off the ground and sat sideways on the saddle, and at the same time the mule started off at a trot. He said nothing, for he had nothing to say, and even his face showed little emotion as he felt the shade pass and heard the sound of the water cease. Mr. Graham was running at his side, bat in hand, apologizing.

"I know I had no business to do it, and I do beg your pardon awfully. But I do hope some day that you too will feel that I was—damn!"

A stone had caught him in the middle of the back. It was thrown by the little boy, who was pursuing them along the mule track. He was followed by his sister, also throwing stones.

Ethel screamed to the dragoman, who was some way ahead with Mrs. Forman; but, before he could rejoin them, another adversary appeared. It was the young Greek, who had cut them off in front, and now dashed down at Mr. Lucas's bridle. Fortunately Graham was an expert boxer, and it did not take him a moment to beat down the youth's feeble defence, and to send him sprawling into the asphodel with a bleeding mouth. By

the time the dragoon had arrived, the children, alarmed at the fate of their brother, had desisted; and the rescue party, if such it is to be considered, retired in disorder to the trees.

"Little devils!" said Graham, laughing with triumph. "That's the modern Greek all over. Your father meant money if he stopped; and they consider we were taking it out of their pockets."

"Oh, they are terrible—simple savages! I don't know how I shall ever thank you. You've saved my father."

"I only hope you didn't think me brutal."

"No," replied Ethel with a little sigh. "I admire strength."

Meanwhile, the cavalcade reformed; and Mr. Lucas, who, as Mrs. Forman said, bore his disappointment wonderfully well, was put comfortably on to his mule. They hurried up the opposite hill side, fearful of another attack; and it was not till they had left the eventful place far behind, that Ethel found an opportunity to speak to her father, and ask his pardon for the way she had treated him.

"You seemed so different, dear father, and you quite frightened me. Now I feel that you are your old self again."

He did not answer; and she concluded that he was not unnaturally offended at her behavior.

By one of those curious tricks of mountain scenery, the place they had left an hour before suddenly reappeared far below them. The Khan was hidden under the green dome, but in the open there still stood three figures, and through the pure air rose up a faint cry of defiance or farewell.

Mr. Lucas stopped irresolutely, and let the reins fall from his hand.

"Come, father, dear," said Ethel gently.

He obeyed, and, in another moment,

a spur of the hill hid the dangerous scene for ever.

II.

It was breakfast time, but the gas was alight, for there was a yellow fog. Mr. Lucas was in the middle of an account of a bad night he had spent. Ethel, who was to be married in a few weeks, had her arms on the table, listening.

"First the door bell rang, then you came back from the theatre. Then the dog started, and after the dog the cat. And at three in the morning a young hooligan passed by singing. Oh yes: then there was the water gurgling in the pipe behind my head."

"I think that was only the bath running away," said Ethel, looking rather worn.

"Well, there's nothing I dislike more than running water. It's perfectly impossible to sleep in this house. I shall give it up. I shall give notice next quarter. I shall tell the landlord plainly, 'The reason I am giving up the house is this: it is perfectly impossible to sleep in it.' If he says—says—well, what has he got to say?"

"Some more toast, father."

"Thank you, my dear." He took it, and there was an interval of peace.

But he soon recommenced. "I'm not going to submit to the practising next door as tamely as they think. I wrote and told them so—didn't I?"

"Yes," said Ethel, who had taken care that the letter should not reach. "I have seen the governess, and she has promised to arrange it differently. And Aunt Julia hates noise. It will be sure to be all right."

Her aunt, being the only unattached member of the family, was coming to keep house for her father when she left him. The reference was not a happy one; and Mr. Lucas commenced a series of more articulate sighs, which

was only stopped by the arrival of the post.

"Oh, what a parcel!" cried Ethel. "For me! What can it be! Greek stamps. This is exciting!"

It proved to be some asphodel bulbs, sent by Mrs. Forman from Athens, for planting in the conservatory.

"Doesn't it bring it all back! You remember the asphodels, father. And all wrapped up in Greek newspapers. I wonder if I can read them still; I used to be able to, you know."

She rattled on, hoping to conceal the noise of the children next door—a favorite source of querulousness at breakfast time.

"Listen to me! 'A Rural Disaster.' Oh, I've hit on something sad. But never mind. 'Last Tuesday at Plataniste, in the province of Messenia, a shocking tragedy occurred. A large tree'—aren't I getting on well?—'blew down in the night and'—wait a minute—oh, dear!—'crushed to death the five occupants of the little Khan there. The bodies of Maria Rhomaldes, the aged proprietress, and of her daughter, aged forty-six, were found lying where they slept, and were easily recognizable, whereas that of her grandson, aged twenty-three, who had apparently been sitting in the balcony, since his skull'—oh, the rest is really too horrid: I sha'n't go on: and what's more, I feel to have heard the name Plataniste before. We didn't stop there, did we, in the spring?"

"We had lunch," said Mr. Lucas, with a faint expression of trouble on his vacant face. "It was where the dragoman bought the pig."

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"Of course," said Ethel in a nervous voice. "Where the dragoman bought the little pig. How terrible!"

"Very terrible!" said her father, whose attention was wandering to the noisy children next door. Ethel suddenly started to her feet with genuine interest.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed: "this is an old paper. It happened, not lately, but in April—the night of Tuesday, the 18th—and we—we were there in the afternoon."

"So we were," said Mr. Lucas. She put her hand to her heart, scarcely able to speak.

"Father, dear Father, I must say it: you wanted to stop there. All those people, those poor, half savage people tried to keep you, and they're dead. The whole place, it says, is in ruins, and even that stream has changed its course. Father, dear, if it had not been for me, and if Arthur had not helped me, you must have been killed too."

Mr. Lucas waved his hand irritably. "It is not a bit of good speaking to the governess, I shall write to the landlord and say, 'The reason I am giving up the house is this: the dog barks, the children next door are intolerable, and I cannot stand the noise of running water.'"

Ethel did not check his babbling. She was aghast at the narrowness of the escape, and for a long time kept silent. At last she said: "Such a marvellous deliverance does make one believe in Providence."

Mr. Lucas, who was still composing his letter to the landlord, did not reply.

E. M. Forster.

JEAN LOUIS NICODÉ.

During the last days of May the annual gathering of the famous *Allgemeiner Deutscher Musik Verein* took place at Frankfurt a Main¹

One item on the programme to which German connoisseurs looked forward with lively interest was a "one evening" choral symphony by Jean Louis Nicodé.

This name, which has already percolated through Europe and is known even in America, has unfortunately attracted but little notice in England. The only work of large dimensions by Nicodé which has been given here is, we believe, his "Symphonic Variations," produced a few years back at the Queen's Hall by Mr. Henry J. Wood. Occasionally also English students of advanced piano music may light with pleasure upon certain very piquant and characteristic compositions for their instrument signed Jean Louis Nicodé; the "Souvenir of Robert Schumann," op. 6, for example; the whimsical, but fascinating "Mélanges," op. 17; the "Valse Caprices," op. 10; or the brilliant "Ballroom Scenes," op. 26. Nicodé's life has been spent in the land of his birth—Germany—and his musical development has been accomplished under thoroughly German influences. Nevertheless, it may be mentioned that, like Chopin and like Tchaikovsky,

he has a mingling of Gallic and Slav blood in his veins. The French strain comes from his paternal ancestry—hence his apparently French name—whilst his mother was a Pole. He was born in 1853. Shortly after, it happened that his father, a man of independent means, living on his estates near Posen, lost his competence, and had to seek a means of subsistence for himself and his family. From being an excellent amateur violinist, he speedily became a hard-working and doubtless a struggling teacher in Berlin. Here Jean Louis grew up. His unmistakable talent likewise pointed to a musical career, and notwithstanding somewhat mediocre instruction, he pursued the study of the piano sufficiently far to obtain a few concert engagements; not, however, until he was long past the prodigy stage; and his temperament is, one thinks, too retiring and nervous for him ever to have gained any very prominent success as a virtuoso. Still, his pianistic knowledge assured him at any rate a modest livelihood as a music teacher; and for some years he held the post of chief professor of the piano at the Dresden Conservatoire. In order willingly to accept a pedagogic calling in the domain of fine art, a man must be born with the genuine *feu sacré* of an instructor. One may safely assert that this peculiar enthusiasm is seldom encountered side by side with any very pronounced creative or constructive powers. Nothing, indeed, would seem to be more antagonistic to the realization of the aims and ideals of a great composer than the sacrifice of half a lifetime to the drudgery and routine inseparable from a teacher's profession. A musician of Nicodé's stamp could only chafe then at his unenvia-

¹ This society was founded in 1859 to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," the journal which was for so many years illumined by Schumann's pages of delightful criticism, and in which Felix Draeseke first drew attention to the merits of Liszt and Wagner. The members of the society are numerous not only throughout Germany, but in other countries. Its main objects are to perform new, unpublished or rarely heard compositions. From the outset it has specially devoted itself to the ultra modern schools of musical thought in Germany, France, Russia, etc. It is to be regretted that nothing similar exists in England.

ble lot. It is not unlikely that a certain instability and fickleness inherent in him through his Polish blood restrained him from totally and implicitly trusting to his valuable creative faculty, for the Poles are proverbially transitory in their alternate belief and distrust in themselves and their own destiny. As it was—not until 1899 did Nicodé finally abandon his irksome occupation, and devote himself solely to composition. His prolonged and laborious work as a teacher has left but slight impression; one hears, that is to say, of no celebrated pupils resulting therefrom. On the other hand, looking back through the last thirty years of Nicodé's life, one can perceive how beautifully the patience of his creative genius has striven and won, in face of his own hesitations and doubts. We observe how almost imperceptibly his fame has grown and matured as a composer of deep poetic instinct, and as a past master of orchestration. By the latter remark one means that Nicodé's fellow composers—not usually too ready with their praise—ungrudgingly rank his technique with that of Elgar, Rimski-Kórssakov, Richard Strauss, or Tshákovski. His workmanship, in short, is admitted to be on a par with the efforts of the most advanced symphonic writers who have yet appeared.

With his life-story in mind, one cannot but marvel at this fact, albeit we cease to wonder that his opus number has not yet exceeded 34. It is clear that his artistic aims are of the highest. He makes the greatest possible demands on himself, and is equally fastidious concerning his interpreters. Each phrase, nay almost each bar of his music is annotated with marks of expression and minute indications as to the exact effects intended. He requires, moreover, impeccable technique and first-rate instruments, notably in that "flower garden" of the orchestra, the wood wind. There is also an un-

usual blending of breadth and delicacy in Nicodé's style, and an abundance of romantic fantasy, which add considerably to its difficulties of interpretation; whilst in his means he can be even more lavish than Richard Strauss. For example, in his Symphony Ode, "Das Meer," op. 31, he asks for nothing less than a fully-equipped orchestra, an *a capella* chorus with a minimum of 90 good tenor voices, the same number of basses, a good organist, and a tenor or a soprano soloist. From all this we gather that Nicodé's critical sense is exceptionally keen, and he is very rapid in impressions. Long before Mr. Henry J. Wood's qualities as a conductor had made much appeal to the English public, Nicodé, chancing to be present at one of his concerts, quickly remarked: "*Endlich haben die Engländer einen tüchtigen Dirigent!*" (at last the English have got a capable conductor). He himself has an interesting gift as a conductor, as he proved when he directed the "Dresden Philharmonic Concerts." And his programmes for that institution were chosen with a scholarly regard for the elements of historical period and æsthetic balance, as a rule conspicuous by their absence in the compilation of the various excerpts of a concert. He has made an enthusiastic study of Liszt's orchestral works, which he ranks very highly. But he is nothing if not eclectic in his tastes. From Liszt he can pass to Brahms, of whom he is a warm partisan. He complains that we commit a serious error in so frequently estimating this much-fought-over composer as a Bach-like culmination of the older classic school of music. On the contrary, he considers the music of Brahms to be pre-eminent modern in its plasticity—an opinion which Nicodé shares with Nikisch, Weingartner, Fritz Steinbach, and one or two other noted exponents of Brahms. The leading Russian com-

posers, with the exception of Tshalkovski, meet with his whole-hearted approval: "I find Tshalkovski's style a trifle effeminate," he explains. "To my mind he lacks vigor and stamina, but Bôrodin, Moïssorgski, Glazounôv, Rimski-Kôrssakov—these are the Russians who interest me. There is such strength, such life-force pulsating through their conceptions." Nicodé has something to say, too, concerning English music. "What a fine group of English composers you have, and how you neglect them! Had I an orchestra constantly at my disposal, I would assuredly make German audiences aware of the merits of many an English work." At a first glance these fugitive lights upon Nicodé's attitude towards life and music in general may seem trivial and commonplace, details to be hastily brushed aside. Nevertheless, they certainly help us to better comprehend the unfolding of his own individual aspirations as a composer. His smaller works, including his piano-forte music, a few concerted pieces, and such delicious trifles as the op. 32, "A Fairy Tale" and "In the Country"—both beautifully written for strings, oboes and horns—supply an adequate photograph of his *genre*. For the complete diapason of his achievement we must turn to half-a-dozen scores for full orchestra, above all to "Das Meer" and his newly-finished "Choral Symphony." It is remarkable that he has written scarcely any songs, and one cannot reckon him as a lyrical composer, not at least in the sense in which one applies this epithet to Schubert, to Grieg, or to Tshalkovski. It is true he is by no means wanting in melody, but his are melodies to be declaimed rather than sung. This comes home to one particularly in his writings for violin or 'cello. It is his thematic structure, his harmonic invention, his undulating rhythms which catch our fancy chiefly, and not any

soaring flights of lyricism. He is introspective, not spontaneous in his moods,—hence the studied finish of his style. His short pieces might well be called sonnets in music. He has a very clear perception of form. Every age leaves to its successor a heritage of latent powers, forms in need of development or cohesion, bringing with them disturbing questions as to how these needs may best be satisfied. It would be difficult, we think, to cite another living composer who has succeeded as well as Nicodé in rebuilding the various movements of the classic symphony upon that particular basis of unity of thought lacking in the older masters, but which can alone interest the modern listener. He has given a subtle realization to the floating vision of intellectual and emotional possibilities which broods over the formal development of a Beethoven symphony. Thus the "Symphonic Variations," op. 27, already alluded to, can be quite legitimately analyzed as a concise symphony in four movements; one salient idea, running thread-like through them all, supplies the pivot of intellectual structure essential in the symphony's successor, the tone-poem. And the seven movements of "Das Meer" have much the same logical sequence that we should expect to find in the seven chapters of a well-planned book of reflections. The massive choruses which Nicodé here employs, he treats, it must be remembered, as a vocal orchestra; the dramatic *timbre* of the bodies of voices adding a wonderful shade of contrast to the glowing tones of his orchestra. Various indescribable waves of tone color occur in this colossal production, as, for instance, in the phrases which the composer directs to be spoken *sotto voce* by the whole chorus *piano-pianissimo*. The history of modern instrumental music is curiously in accord with the Darwinian theory that primeval man was able to

articulate musical sounds before he so much as formulated the desire to utter words. Not until Beethoven had reached his last symphony did he yearn for words to emphasize his meaning. An analogous longing vibrates through "Das Meer." Here again, Nicodé suggests an important onward movement in the progress of language as well as of the tonal art. In purely vocal music, whatever its merits, there has ever existed an awkward compromise between the words and their setting. The one must perforce yield to the other and consequently be the sufferer. But in words *spoken* in conjunction with an appropriate musical commentary, both speech and music seem still to have before them an unlimited field of expression. As to the intrinsic power of music alone to stir the soul and stimulate the brain, Nicodé maintains that, given an explicit and comprehensive title page and a correct rendering, a good composition should not fail of itself to reveal its composer's intentions. His own great anxiety that his works should be performed with flawless exactitude has already been dwelt upon; but his directions are supplemented by no lengthy verbal dissertations. At most he amplifies his title page with a short introductory poem. In this respect Nicodé exhibits a very un-Teutonic lightness of touch. He has none of that love for ponderous moralizing rife in Wagner and equally rampart in Richard Strauss. That every scheme of true music—however small its arena—must necessarily enshrine a definite meaning he would be the last to deny, but his contention is that whereas the function of literature is to tell a story, that of music goes further, and is invested with the subtler mission of symbolizing and condensing every crucial emotion contained therein. He draws a little too much, perhaps, on the intelligence of his hearers in ex-

pecting them to follow him with no guide book in hand through the mazes of modern musical culture; but for this very reason his standard of aesthetics is infinitely higher than that of Strauss. Undoubtedly Nicodé possesses an extraordinary faculty for evolving vivid and eloquent methods of musical diction. Singularly obtuse must be the listener who cannot appreciate the graphic gyrations of his scherzo: "*Die Jagd nach dem Glück*," with its vertiginous rotation of rhythms, so alluring, and at the same time exasperating, and yet withal so convincingly illustrative of man's tantalizing, meteoric course through life. Or take again the movement in "Das Meer" entitled "Meeres Leuchten" (phosphorescent lights); muted violins, muffled drums and a full complement of the more sombre of the brass instruments suggest a symbolic picture of a rare nocturnal scene in mid ocean. Athwart this deep, ever swelling, ever surging foundation there dart, flash and glitter (other words fail to express Nicodé's treatment) the lightest tones of clarinets, oboes, harps, flutes and piccolos. This dexterous instrumentation is positively capable of exercising a species of visual spell on the hearer. A veritable sea of raging, foaming billows seems to expand before one, with each crest of wave sparkling with the mysterious phosphorescence. Music has been defined as the art of ideal motion. The definition is an apt one. Its rhythms do unquestionably tend to thrill our senses, just as physical movement affects our bodies. Moreover, outside the realm of music complete ideal motion has as yet found no parallel. Nicodé's acute sensibility to tonal motion, if we may so express it, is often absolutely magnetic. It was indeed a happy inspiration which could prompt him to select subjects so akin to this sensibility as "*Die Jagd nach dem Glück*" and "Das Meer." His "or-

chestral" ocean seems to reflect every phase of its natural prototype; now rolling and tossing, now rippling and lapping, now advancing, now retreating, never restful, never lulled. With all his realism of presentment, Nicodé has at bottom a strong undercurrent of mystic asceticism. He has never shown any inclination to compose an opera, and if we review his code of musical principles, he is evidently bound to deprecate music which requires the adjuncts of actors and stage craft. This may account for his partiality for Brahms. Nicodé's own music is, besides, entirely wanting in what one must term "sex" characterization and contrast, without which a great opera—as we understand the genus at present—is hardly imaginable. Wagnerians, and particularly the special votaries of "Tristan and Isolde," are likely to condemn this want as a serious failing. Whether it be an actual failing in a composer of Nicodé's calibre must depend, of course, in a great measure upon his subject. On this point we may justly classify him with Elgar. The *dramatis personæ* of "The Apostles" are mostly of a neuter gender and characterization, and if Nicodé were to attempt a similar task, he would probably fall into the same error as Elgar has, we venture to think, done in this instance. Both these composers might be styled "Maeterlincks" of music. When Maeterlinck treats of the philosophical side of mankind in "The Leaf of Olive," or of the natural world, as in the life of a bee, he almost startles us with his minuteness and delicacy of observation and perception. But when, as in his plays, he attempts to deal with the psychological characterization of man and woman, he falls short of the true interpretation of human impulses and passions, and his creations become intangible and dreamy. Every art creation is bound to be more

or less an autobiography of its creator. Nicodé's autobiography, as one might expect, is more one of mood than of circumstance or event. It would never occur to him to choose such subjects as a "Heldenleben" or a "Sinfonia Domestica." Nor has he fallen into the vortex of that popular desire—dominant in Germany, as in other countries—to revel in the grotesque and the extraordinary. On the contrary, he holds fast to what is usually accepted as natural and normal. His detractors may see in this a too scrupulous adherence to the tenets of conventionality. But what of that? After all, we are always obliged to return to the fact that it is just the happy preponderance of what is essentially natural and normal in life which has caused these attributes to become what is understood by "conventions" in art. Without them life itself, the main-spring of art, would be well-nigh insupportable. It may sound paradoxical, but nevertheless it is a matter of common conviction that the more highly civilized the man, the more ardent is his longing for a return to nature. In much of Nicodé's music there is a decided heart-beat which responds to this cry of his generation. For a satisfactory rendering of "Das Meer," as we have seen, he demands the most perfect mechanism of that complex evolution of civilization, an orchestra, and an equally highly-trained co-operation of human voices. But what he has to say therewith resolves itself into the simple and earnest expression of an intensified, abiding love for the freedom of nature. Much of the same idea obviously vivifies his new work, the "Choral Symphony" mentioned at the outset, since he calls it "A Song of Storm and Sunshine." This nature music, has, of course, an impersonal note; a note that appeals to his listener, not individually from Nicodé the man, but from the artist

revealing thus the aspirations of the great human family. Nicodé's one and only distinctly personal revelation, in which he affords us a glimpse of a very poignant spiritual and emotional experience, can be detected, we think, in the "Symphonic Variations." Here he depicts the acutely changing moods, the swift descent from transcendent exultation to blank despair, of a struggling artist in the early travails of mental gestation. A bright idea appears floating alluringly through his mind; its brightness and beauty delight him, and he grasps it with all the vigor and strength of his being. But alas! when he tries to shape and focus it, to give it definite human expression, it eludes his pursuit and becomes evanescent and colorless. Then comes the inevitable reaction. The radiance of his happy inspiration has sunk behind the horizon of his creative faculty, leaving nothing but the gray shadows of cheerless disappointment. As a key-note to these "variations," Nicodé has appended a short poem. We may borrow the first and last of its stanzas, albeit only roughly translated:—

May strong, unfalling wings bear thee
upwards to cloudless heights!
There only is thy home,
In the Kingdom of all that is beautiful
Where happiness blossoms and reigns
serenely
There, there shalt thou taste of Creation's joys!

November! how cold 'tis out yonder,
yet still colder within me.
So bleak is the world,

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Such a desert my heart,
All's lonely;—all's empty!
With a low muffled chorus, my only,
lost hope is borne to its grave!

Such experiences as these are the common lot of every incipient, ambitious genius. A wide, unspannable gulf seems ever to divide the initiatory phantom germ of thought from the ultimate rounded shape which it assumes when after patient research it has been finally captured and moulded to the artist's will. In the "Symphonic Variations" Nicodé gives but the first stage in this birth of a thought. He does this though with the master hand of one who has long ago bridged the chasm for himself; and we should convey an altogether erroneous impression of his music in general were we to abruptly part company with him here, leaving the reader to assume that an accent of deep melancholy always pervades his utterances. In the main, we may associate with his cadence an overtone of quiet, soothing optimism. Musicians who chanced to hear his "Choral Symphony," may have caught a yet more joyous strain, one of exultant praise. For Nicodé, always meticulous in his choice of a title, has christened this the latest, and to his own mind, the best of his works, with the one word "Gloria." And he brings to a finale his "Song of Storm and Sunshine," with the exalted, jubilant chorus:—

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

A. E. Keeton.

A MUNICIPAL ELECTION, A.D. 79.

There is one argument that is never, or hardly ever, used in discussions on the value of various methods of education, and that is the very large amount of amusement which a knowledge of the classics affords to the traveller. A man may be master of half-a-dozen modern languages, and yet find himself walking through an old Italian or Greek town, as it were, blindfolded. He may be able to bargain with a salesman for a piece of tapestry, or a collection of old jewellery, without losing a single point because of a defective vocabulary; and yet he may not get a quarter of the pleasure from a visit to an old Roman ruin that can be got by a companion ignorant of modern Italian, but well read in Persius and Juvenal.

The *graffiti* on the walls of the excavated streets in Pompei, for instance, can only be deciphered by persons possessing considerable scholarship. But how extraordinarily interesting they are! Nothing, perhaps, takes a man more swiftly back into the past than the sight of words actually written or carved hundreds or thousands of years ago. He knows, if he can read the inscription, that almost exactly the same thoughts ran through his brain as those which occurred to the reader of the words the day after they were written,—he might, indeed, be reading them the day after they were written. This is especially true of inscriptions or *graffiti* referring to events current hundreds of years ago, such as those which can be read to-day on the walls of the houses in Pompei, and which have recently formed the subject of a paper read by Mr. Joseph Offord before the Royal Society of Literature. The title of Mr. Offord's paper is "The Last Municipal Election at Pompei," and

the main reflection that arises when one has read these twenty or thirty extremely interesting pages is that electioneering methods eighteen hundred years ago differed very little from the methods of to-day,—except, perhaps, that they were rather less personal and virulent. The Pompeians had, of course, no red and white and blue bills to paste about over likely "spaces;" but instead, they wrote up on prominent walls their requests, or advice, or comments in regard to this or that candidate for municipal honors. The Pompeian municipal honors for which candidates were standing in A.D. 79, the year in which the lava of Vesuvius preserved for ever a picture of the customs and manners of that curious Graeco-Oscan city, were those of the Aedileship and the Duumvirate. All burgesses had a vote in electing these four Magistrates—the Duumviri and the two Aediles—and the interest which was taken in the election is shown by the fact that perhaps one in three or four of the electors (there were possibly twenty thousand inhabitants, and there are probably fifteen hundred *graffiti* referring to the election) thought it worth while to write up on his house-wall, or in some public place, his views as to the merits of the candidates.

Just as is the case to-day with our Municipal and County and District Councils, it was not always the men best qualified to be Town or District Councillors who actually sought election. At Pompei a man seeking municipal honors had to be at least twenty-five years old (though the Pompeians once made an extraordinary election of a child of six, who seems to have been induced to rebuild at his own expense the Temple of Isis, after the earth-

quake of A.D. 63), and had to prove that he possessed a fortune of at least £800. In consequence of this property qualification, only wealthy men competed for municipal honors; indeed, it would have been useless for men only just possessing the requisite qualifications to come out as candidates, since it was necessary before asking to be elected to promise a considerable sum to be expended on public games, or on works likely to be of permanent benefit to the city. At Pompei, however, which was a rich city, there seems to have been actually a plethora of candidates for municipal honors, since a law was made forbidding any intending candidate to spend a penny, for two years before coming up for election, on any public festival or in donations to the people; the intending candidate might not even ask more than nine persons to a private dinner! If the candidate or one of his "clients"—the "clients" were in a sense the election agents—broke these rather stringent rules, he was fined 5,000 sesterces (about £40). Competition for offices which carried no pay with them must have been pretty severe when a man could actually be prosecuted for bribery and corruption even before actually seeking votes at the poll.

Just as to-day, too, the candidate had to take into account the probable attitude of various societies, clubs, guilds, and unions. The objects of these clubs and unions, however, were not always quite so respectable as those of the Temperance Brotherhoods, Free-Trade Leagues, and Empire Leagues of our modern English times. They seem, indeed, to have resembled in their methods Tammany, rather than West Ham or Chertsey. There were *Collegia* and *Hetairiae*—the more luxurious Greek outlook on life flourished in Pompei—with which the prospective candidate had to deal. There were the *pilicrepi*, the clubs of

ball-players, who probably wanted first and foremost exciting public games; there were the "late drinkers" and the "long sleepers" (*universi dormientes*), who clearly were not in favor of early closing; and there were the "little thieves" (*furunculi*), who were perhaps a kind of "hooligans." As for the voters who favored free drinking and free sleeping, you can still see over a Pompeian tavern-door the inscription: "Here you can have a drink for one *as*" (about three farthings); "anybody who likes to pay more can have a better draught. What will you pay for a glass of Falernian?" But besides the guilds and the clubs, there was another valuable electoral interest in the religious sects, or votaries of the various deities; once again, not quite so respectable as the Nonconformists or Anglicans of to-day. There were, for instance, the votaries of Venus (the favorite goddess of Pompei), whose philosophy is summed up in the *graffito*—

Quisquis amat valeat, pereat qui
parcit amare,—

a sentiment not unlike that of the poet who, having proclaimed that "Bacchus is a friend to Love," cried:

He who will this toast deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

It was one of this sect, probably, who was responsible for the really rather poetical inscription:—

Alliget hic auras si quis objurgat
amantes,
Et vetat assiduas currere fontis
aquis,—

"Who seeks to thwart lovers, let him bind the breeze, or forbid the springs to flow." Not all the electioneering poets, however, had quite such a good ear for metre. This, for instance, is all that the supporter of one Lucretius

Fronto could manage, writing in praise of his selected candidate:—

Si pudor in vita quicquam prodesse
putatur
Lucretius hic Fronto dignus honore
bene est,

which, roughly translated, is: "If you want a really decent man to represent you, plump for Fronto." Perhaps the superabundant syllable in the pentameter does not matter much, when considering such wholesome enthusiasm. The worst verse of this kind ever written—Dr. Lanciana has called it "a centipede rather than a hexameter"—is probably the solicitation of a vote for a certain Felix. It runs: "A Vetium Caprasium Felicem aedilem Balbe rogamus," and is understood to have been intended to scan!

Occasionally peculiar reasons are given in the *graffiti* for voting for particular candidates. One reads, for instance: "Proculus, vote for Sabinus, and he will vote for you," which is possibly the classical rendering of "Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours." This, again, arouses attention: "Attalus, you're asleep, Suellus is awake." "Wake up, England, and vote for Jones," is the obvious parallel. Sometimes, however, the writer of the *graffiti*, though honest, was poor in ideas; still, "Vote for Publius, V.B." (*virum bonum*,—"a good man"), is at least concise. "D. R. P.," again—"worthy of public office," "the man you want"—is straightforward enough. Now and then the client or voter, in contrast to the abrupt electioneerer, is a most polished fellow. "Gavius is a man serviceable to public interests. Do

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elect him, I beg of you," is a pleasing example of the polite form of public solicitation. A rarer, though apparently successful, form of application for suffrage was the representation of the candidate as "one who has for years been identified with the best interests and traditions of the city." Thus the backer of a candidate belonging to a very old Oscan family purposely spells the candidate's name in the old Oscan style, writing from right to left.

It is pleasant to notice that the interests of the State, in the end, were always a prime consideration. The "family man," for instance, being presumably a more valuable and a steadier person than the wild bachelor, was always preferred in case of a tie. He had already provided the State with potential Councillors and soldiers. A married man defeated a single man; if both were married, he with children won; if both had children, the larger family won. Lastly, a striking feature of these old municipal elections is that one candidate hardly ever abused the other, even through his "clients,"—his election agents. There are practically no abusive electioneering *graffiti*. Perhaps the most malicious of the few abusive *graffiti* hitherto discovered is—

Quintiom si quis recusat
Assidet ad asinum.

But to say that a man "writes himself down an ass, unless he votes for Quintius," is, after all, nothing very dreadful. As a proper form of superlative contumely, it might indeed be recommended to the less classically minded electioneerers of to-day.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The London Times reports that the spring publishing season in England was a disappointing one, all the more

because it followed a series of years of depression in the book trade. Many reasons connected with public events.

are assigned as an explanation, but the Times thinks that the truth of the matter is that the books themselves are at fault. Hardly any of them come with the qualities which ensure success. "Give us a really good book," it is said, "and we can sell it to-day as well as we ever could."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in book form next autumn the letters of John Ruskin to Prof. Charles Elliot Norton, which are appearing in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

The lecture which Dr. William Osler recently gave at Harvard on the Ingersoll foundation on "Science and Immortality" will be published next fall by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Messrs. Sampson Low have published a unique book on the literature of swimming by Ralph Thomas. The author attempts to show exactly the present state of our knowledge of the subject, which is treated from theoretical, practical, and literary points of view in an entirely new way. The illustrations, 126 in all, begin with examples from the Assyrian sculptures, and there will be a complete bibliography of books on the subject.

The second volume in the series of *Early Western Travels*, edited by Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites and published by the Arthur H. Clark Co. of Cleveland, is a reprint of John Long's "Voyages and Travels of an Indian Interpreter and Trader" from the original edition of 1791. The period covered by these travels was from 1768 to 1782, during most of which time Long was living among the Indians of the northwest, between Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay; adopting their customs, trading with them, taking a part in the foray of tribe against tribe, and sinking well down toward

their level so far as the general standards of civilization are concerned. He was a typical adventurer of a lawless time and region, and in his *Journal* he set down simply and plainly, without literary artifice or moral extenuation, the things which he did and witnessed and the wild life of which he formed a part. This is altogether an engaging story of adventure, and it possesses a serious interest for the historian and ethnologist.

The ninth and tenth volumes of the documentary history of "The Philippine Islands 1493-1898," published by the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland, cover the years from 1593 to 1599. The documents reproduced in these volumes relate to the internal development of the islands and various details of the administration. There is a second embassy to Japan; there is a more or less futile effort to repress insurrection in Mindanao, which then, as now, was one of the chief storm centres in the islands; and there were endless bickerings between the military and civil authorities and between both and the religious dignitaries. The head which wore the crown of Spain at that time,—that of Felipe II—can rarely have rested easily, when every ship from the islands brought reports and counter reports, charges and counter charges from the various officials, who were usually at sword points with each other. Not the least diverting letter in these volumes is the solemn epistle in which the Audiencia at Manila apprised the king of the objectionable practice of the Captain General, Tello, in conducting the judicial sessions of the Audiencia "wearing a short cloak and a hat with colored plumes" and in holding court "sometimes with a colored cloak and sometimes without any." The volumes are illustrated with fac-similes and maps, and are attractively printed.

GOLIATH.

Still as a mountain with dark pines
 and sun
 He stood between the armies, and his
 shout
 Rolled from the empyrean above the
 host—
 "Bid any little flea ye have come forth,
 And wince at death upon my finger-
 nail!"
 He turned his large-boned face; and
 all his steel
 Tossed into beams the lustre of the
 noon;
 And all the shaggy horror of his locks
 Rustled like locusts in a field of corn;
 The meagre pupil of his shameless eye
 Moved like a cormorant o'er a glassy
 sea.
 He stretched his limbs, and laughed
 into the air,
 To feel the groaning sinews of his
 breast,
 And the long gush of his swol'n arter-
 ies pause:
 And nodding, wheeled, tow'ring in all
 his height.
 Then—like a wind that hushes, gazed
 and saw
 Down, down, far down upon the un-
 troubled green
 A shepherd-boy that swung a little
 sling.
 Goliath shut his lids to drive that mote
 Which vexed the eastern azure of his
 eye
 Out of his vision; and stared down
 again.
 Yet stood the youth there, ruddy in
 the flare
 Of his vast shield, nor spake, nor
 quailed, gazed up
 As one might scan a mountain to be
 scaled:
 Then, as it were, a voice unearthly
 still
 Cried in the cavern of that bristling
 ear
 "His name is little Death!" And like
 the flush
 That dyes Sahara to its lifeless verge
 His brows' bright brass flamed into
 sudden crimson;
 And his great spear leapt upward
 lightning-like

And shook a dreadful thunder in the
 air;
 Spun betwixt earth and sky bright as
 a berg
 That hoards the sunlight in a myriad
 spires,
 Crashed: and struck echo through an
 army's heart.
 Then paused Goliath and stared down
 again.
 And fleet-foot fear from rolling orbs
 perceived
 Steadfast, unharmed, a stooping shep-
 herd-boy
 Frowning upon the target of his face.
 And wrath tossed suddenly up once
 more his hand;
 And a deep groan grieved all his
 strength in him.
 He breathed; and lost in dazzling dark-
 ness prayed—
 Besought his reins, his gloating gods,
 his youth:
 And turned to smite what he no more
 could see.
 Then sped the singing pebble-messen-
 ger,
 The chosen of the Lord from Israel's
 brooks,
 Fleet to its mark; and hollowed a light
 path,
 Down to the appalling Babel of his
 brain;
 And, like the smoke of dreaming Souf-
 frière,
 Dust rose in cloud, spread wide, slow
 silted down
 Softly all softly on his armor's blaze.

Walter J. de la Mare.

The Monthly Review.

THE PRINCESS IN THE TOWER.

Love came to the princess
 In the high tower.
 "I will have none of Love," she said,
 "Tears are Love's dower."
 Love hid his face from the princess
 In the high tower;
 And "Would I knew the tears," she
 said,
 "That are Love's dower."

Ethel Clifford.